



No. 230.—VOL. XVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



THE MAN WHO LED THE PROCESSION.

CAPTAIN OSWALD AMES, OF THE 2nd LIFE GUARDS (6 ft. 8 in. IN HEIGHT).

REPRODUCED BY COURTEOUS PERMISSION FROM THE CARTOON IN "VANITY FAIR."



## THE SIDDONS MEMORIAL.

The statue of Sarah Siddons which has been erected on Paddington Green was unveiled by Sir Henry Irving last Monday week. In a neat speech he said that—

By the acclamation of her contemporaries, Mrs. Siddons was hailed as the incarnation of the sublime in the expression of dramatic passion. I have lately read that this ideal of the sublime is a mere superstition belonging to a world of art and emotion which has definitely passed away. It will pass away when the creations of Shakspeare become obsolete, when the highest poetry ceases to influence the soul of mankind—conditions which make the fulfilment of such a prophecy unspeakably remote. Methods of execution in art may vary from age to age; but in this monument you have a standard of conception which has made the name of Siddons imperishable. To some characters in Shakspeare, such as Lady Macbeth and Volunna, she gave a tradition which has not been effaced. Moreover, in honouring her memory you are paying a lasting tribute to a quality which is the perpetual stimulus to ambition in every walk of life. To every young man who looks upon this statue I would say, "This is not only the image of a great actress, it is the image of indomitable energy and perseverance. When she came to London first she was a conspicuous failure. She went back to the hard school of the provincial theatre and matured her powers by unflagging industry. This is no memorial of casual and irresponsible genius, but a triumphant witness to the merits of those comrades-in-arms of all true endeavour—application and a stout heart." Another noteworthy point of this monument is that it is the first statue of a player which has been erected in London. I am not suggesting this as a precedent for the further embellishment of advantageous sites; but in itself it is a considerable portent. There are statues of Shakspeare, and the dramatic profession does not forget that Shakspeare was an actor, and that, but for his connection with the stage, it is improbable that he would have enriched our dramatic literature. However, it is for Shakspeare the poet that we have raised trophies for triumphal show, and we have before us to-day a striking proof of that public spirit which has sacrificed an ancient social prejudice in homage to a great actress, which needs no better evidence than the generous gift of the site by the Vestry of Paddington, together with their handsome provision of the basement of the statue. This is a monument of enlightened tolerance which would have surprised most people in Sarah Siddons's lifetime. It shows, moreover, that the work and influence of the actor are not quite ephemeral. Mrs. Siddons died a very few years before our gracious Sovereign came to the throne, and among the evidences of that spread of ideas which has distinguished her Majesty's long and glorious reign I think we may claim this permanent recognition of the genius of a woman who shed lustre upon her generation and stood pre-eminent amongst the race of great English actors.

The statue bears the following inscription—

This statue, erected by public subscription, was unveiled by Sir Henry Irving, 14th June, 1897. Chairman of the Executive Committee, Colonel T. H. Baylis, Q.C., V.D. Hon. Secretary for the Committee, Frank Detridge, Vestry Clerk.

## FROM THE THEATRES.

All classes of playgoers from "W. A." downwards—and sideways—would have been grieved if it had not been possible to find a home promptly for Mr. Gillette's remarkable play, "Secret Service." It seems a pity to have lost "Saucy Sally," but Miss Odette Tyler as the "sassy" Southern maid will reconcile the playgoer to the loss, for the fascinating creature, full of *gaminerie*, with yet a touch of the sentimental and hint of melancholy, has really "caught on." Yet I do not pretend that the success of the piece is solely due to her. After all, it is the nervous force of the story, the vigorous method of telling it with a minimum of words, that is the main cause of the triumph. Perhaps our playwrights will take notice of the fact that Mr. Gillette never uses two

words where one will serve, and sometimes when he feels doubtful whether speech is sufficient employs silences dramatically.

To most people I fancy that the death of the brother and the scene in the telegraph office are the big features of the piece. In me more positive feeling was stirred by the mother, whose part is charmingly played by Miss Ida Waterman. Perhaps she, the mother, is the grimmest feature of war. How admirably Dumas caught the idea in his line, "The blood that you shed on the field of battle is the milk that your mother gives you"! I quote from memory.

The acting throughout shows that high level of excellence without great brilliance of individual which best serves a good piece. There are cases where it is well that you should be unable to see the play because of the players. "Secret Service" is not one of them. Mr. Gillette, Miss Blanche Walsh, Mr. Gollan, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Henry Woodruff, all of them give very able, interesting performances, and enable full justice to be done to the best drama of adventure seen for many years in London.

If on any Monday morning in term time you go into the miscellaneous establishment in the Royal Courts of Justice where trade is done in matters ecclesiastical, matters matrimonial, matters maritime, and matters testamentary, you will hear applications for grant of probate or letters of administration concerning the estate of persons presumed to be dead. It is very difficult to induce the judges to presume that anyone is dead, for obviously, in cases where the presumption is ill-founded, hideous confusion is the outcome. Now Mr. Chetwynd Green, artist, chose to disappear suddenly, taking leave absolutely of no one. Moreover, he left behind him two wills, made and dated the day of his disappearance; consequently, Mr. Bordle, his next-of-kin, had very good grounds for assuming that Green was dead.

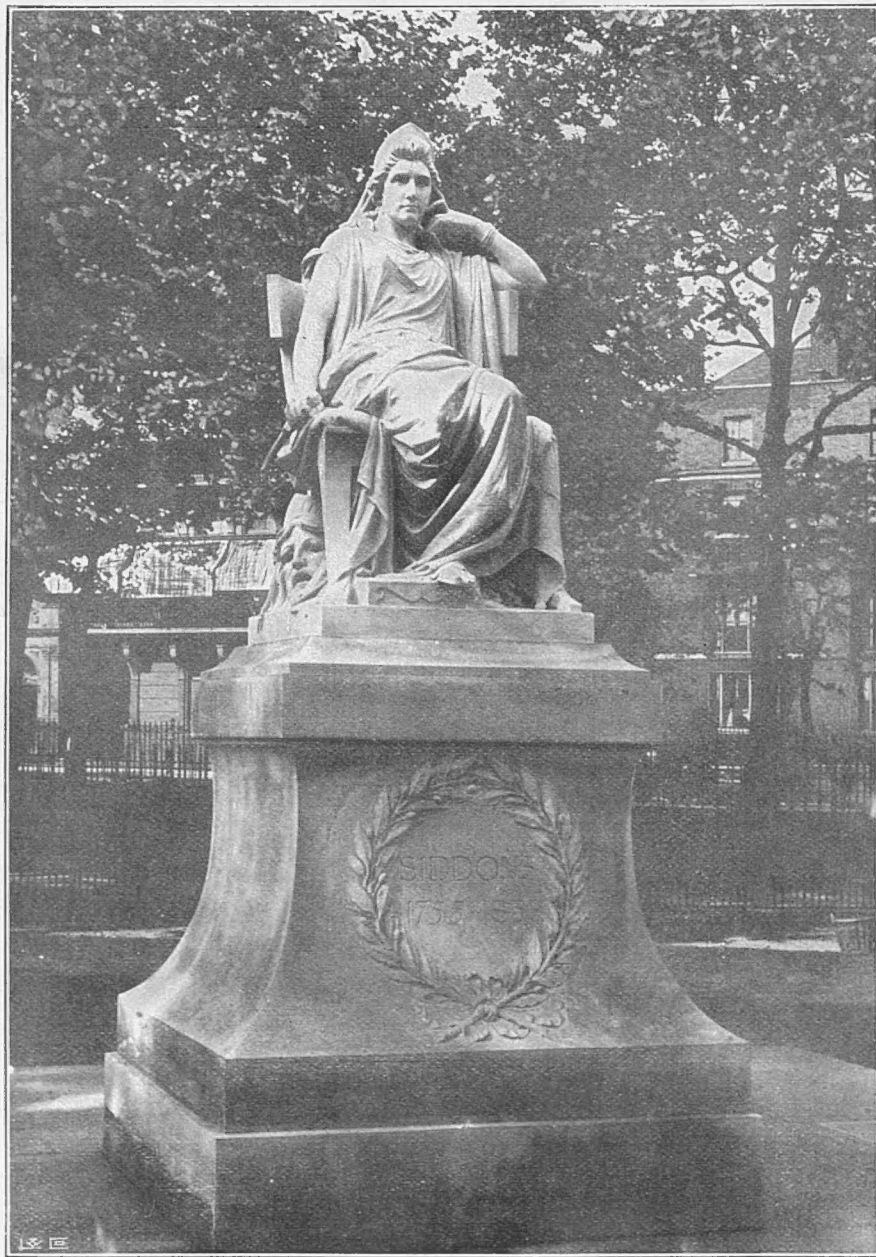
Bordle, however, was an unpleasant old curmudgeon with a pretty wife, and stage-justice demanded that he should suffer for his curmudgeonship—an ugly word, of disputable origin, but *cœur méchant* satisfies me. So Green turned up "all alive, oh!"; but not as Green, for he had married pretty Miss Wensleydale, and taken her name as well as herself and her money. He was dissatisfied with Bordle's conduct, and also with that of the two ladies to each of whom he had

left all his property—pretty materials for a lawsuit in the two wills! In order to be an onlooker and over-listener, the supposititious corpse, well acquainted with a known stage-trick, assumed the place and clothes of the studio lay-figure, and, of course, had excellent fun, in which his faithful old servant Drake shared. It is not difficult to guess the outcome, since the author has tied no knot that involves greater difficulty than the hero's disclosure of himself may overcome.

The audience seemed to find the farce amusing, and some comic business caused roars of laughter. There is, of course, no effort at subtlety or fine invention. Mr. Mark Kinghorne's acting as Drake was quite remarkably clever, and Miss Helen Rous supported him ingeniously as another old servant; her hysterics were well presented. Mr. Fred Thorne laboured with success, Mr. Bouchier acted with vivacity, and Miss May Palfrey played prettily.

We regret having given currency to the report of the death of Lord Bateman, who writes, under date June 16—

For the relief of my family and friends and of some insurance offices, and not less for my own satisfaction, I am happy to be able to inform you that there is no truth in the statement, and that I am in excellent health and dined this evening at the Carlton Club.



THE SIDDONS MEMORIAL.

Photo by F. W. Edwards.

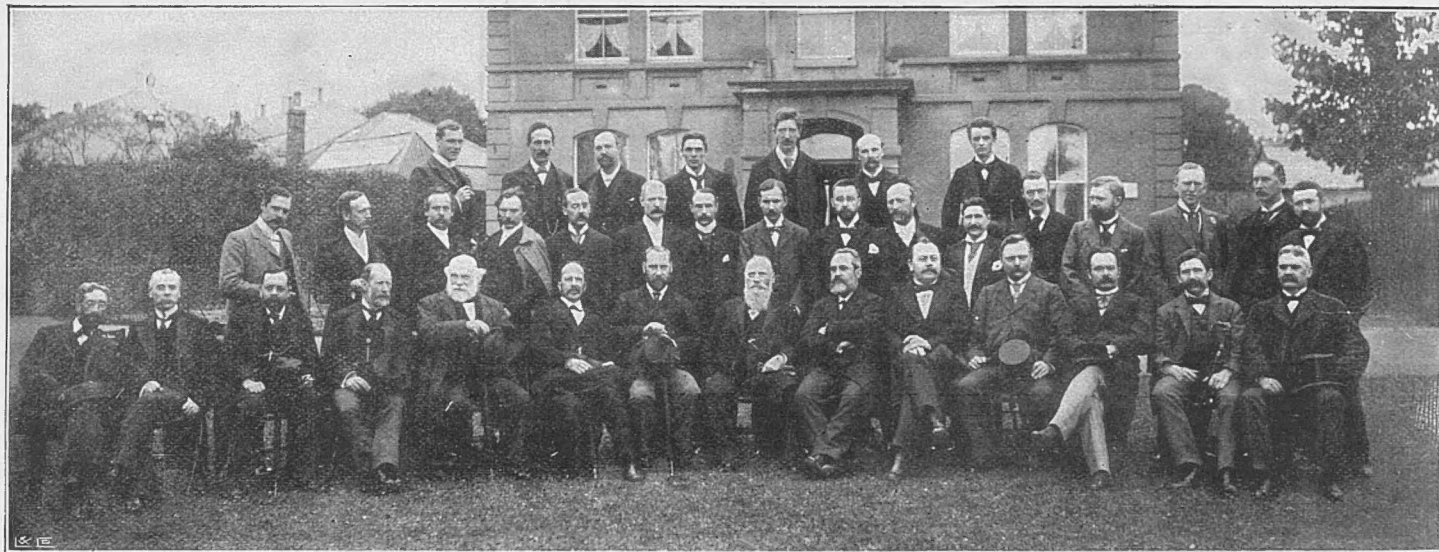


## THE CAMBRIAN RAILWAY DISASTER.

The railway disaster which occurred to the Sunday School excursion on the Cambrian line in Shropshire, near Welshampton Station, in which ten people were killed and seventeen injured, will largely increase the death-bill which every pleasure season creates. The train started early

## A CONGRESS OF ANATOMISTS.

The idea has somehow got abroad that anatomists are dull dogs, taking pleasure only in the unpleasant atmosphere of the dissecting-room, but anyone who visited Dublin last week would have quickly found that such was a most erroneous opinion. The mere fact that the Anatomical



CONGRESS OF ANATOMISTS IN DUBLIN.

Front Row : Prof. Howes, F.R.S., Prof. William Anderson, Prof. A. Young, Dr. Bryce, Prof. McAllister, Sir William Turner, Prof. Wilhelm His, Prof. Thane, Prof. Waldeyer, Prof. Le Boucq, Prof. Spaltholtz, Prof. Disse, Dr. De Bryne, Mr. J. G. Parsons, Dr. Otis. Second Row : Dr. Bryce, Prof. Paterson, Dr. Hans Gadow, Dr. Frokse, Dr. Barclay Smith, Prof. Howden, Prof. Musgrove, Dr. Elliot Smith, Mr. Devereux Marshall, Dr. Cantlie, Dr. Abraham, Dr. Percy Fleming, Dr. Kaestner, Prof. Windle, Prof. Cunningham, Prof. Birmingham. Third Row : Dr. Arthur Keith, Prof. Arthur Robinson, Dr. Stanley Boyd, Dr. Waring, Prof. Francis Dixon, Dr. William S. Haughton, Dr. Berry.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

in the morning of June 11 from Royton, near Oldham, with three hundred and twenty people for Barmouth, a little seaside town in Merionethshire. A happy day was spent, and the return journey was begun at six in the evening, in thirteen carriages, drawn by two engines. Everything went well until Oswestry was reached at 9.40. Three hundred yards beyond Welshampton the train was wrecked. Most of the carriages left the rails; they crashed together with terrific force, and in an instant all was chaos and havoc and suffering in the midst of darkness.

Society of Great Britain and Ireland chose Dublin as the meeting-place for a Jubilee celebration showed that the surroundings connected with their vocation had not impaired their appreciation of the more pleasurable amenities of life. Dublin opened the doors of hospitality as only Dublin knows how, and no better spot in the kingdom could have been found for such a meeting than the historical and picturesque Trinity College of Dublin. Famous Continental professors, heavily learned Germans, taciturn Belgians, and nimble-witted professors from the New World,



THE WRECKED TRAIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. R. CROSSE, WHITCHURCH, SALOP.



one and all declared, when Dublin assembled to watch the College sports, that Trinity College grounds contained the fairest collection of women their eyes had ever rested on.

Many men of world-wide fame took part in the proceedings of the meeting. Professor His was there from Leipzig, a man who has taught the world nearly all it knows of that mysterious series of changes that brings a human individual from a state of nebulousity into full growth. Waldeyer, the leader of German anatomists, and a Privy Councillor to boot, had left his students in Berlin to take care of themselves. Both are now Doctors of Science of Dublin. The doyen of British anatomists, Sir William Turner, came over from Edinburgh to witness the triumph of his old pupil, Professor Cunningham, who has made Dublin famous as an anatomical centre throughout the whole world. No one could have better filled the President's chair than the learned editor of Quain, Professor Thane, of University College, London. Papers were contributed on all kinds and conditions of subjects affecting the structure of the

## THE ROYAL OPERA.

Things have been looking up at last at the Opera, and Wagner has come into his own with a vengeance. From Saturday, June 12, to Tuesday, June 22, out of eight operas given at Covent Garden no less than seven were from the pen of Wagner. The first performance of "Tristan" this season actually took place, with M. Jean de Reszke as Tristan, and Mdlle. Sedlmair as Isolde. The interpretation, barring necessary cuts owing to the persistent fashion which prefers a convenient dinner-hour to a reasonable opera-hour, was probably as good as any that could be found at any European opera-house. At all events, of this much one is practically certain, that there is no living tenor to equal the pure genius of Jean de Reszke's Tristan. The Isolde of Mdlle. Sedlmair was, on the whole, excellent throughout; but it was something like an inspiration in the second act, in which she sang and acted with rare insight and felicity. The Love Duet has surely been rarely sung with such perfection.



PRESIDENT FAURE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

human body, but none was of such historical importance as a contribution that cleared up most abstruse structures in the human brain, made by a young anatomist from New South Wales.

## THE "ATTEMPT" ON M. FAURE'S LIFE.

As M. Faure was driving to the Longchamps Racecourse on Sunday week he encountered a curious accident. He drove through the Bois de Boulogne, and when passing a clump of trees near the Cascade a bomb flung at him fell some five-and-twenty yards wide of his carriage. The President remained quite calm and drove on, reassuring Madame Faure. The bomb is an iron cylinder, eight inches long, and having a diameter of four inches, very much resembling in appearance a rocket-tube. It was probably charged with gunpowder without slugs, as the explosion did very little damage to the ground. Close by were found a knife on which the words "Alsace, Lorraine, Pologne," were engraved, and a pistol, an old-fashioned single-barrel weapon of doubtful destructive power. Attached to the pistol was a piece of paper on which was written "Exécution de President Faure." The bomb was evidently loaded on the spot, and the powder rammed home with pieces of the journal *L'Autorité*, a torn copy of that paper being found near by. The affair is believed to have been a madman's little game.

M. Edouard de Reszke's King Mark and Mr. Bispham's Kurwenal were quite as good as they were last year—which is saying a great deal—and Miss Brema's Brangäne was strong and sincere.

The first performance of "Die Walküre" this season was given on the 12th, but one prefers to speak of the second performance of last Wednesday, when the novel stage-effects—novel, that is, for Covent Garden—had got into smooth working-order. The staging of the second and third acts is now extremely good, and when the switchback arrangement for the Walkürenritt is more familiar to the audiences, the whole *mise-en-scène* may deservedly, in public opinion, rank with the classical settings that are to be seen here and there in great Continental theatres. M. Van Dyck's Siegmund, though a little choppy so far as the singing goes, is excellently dramatic and finely intelligent, and Miss Susan Strong's Sieglinde was no less powerful than when, two years ago, in Mr. Hedmond's cheap season she made so deserved a sensation in the part. Miss Marie Brema's Brünnhilde is one of the best things she has ever done, though even here there are occasional hints of exaggeration against which she should be warned. Madame Schumann-Heink's Fricka was capital, sincere, considered—a little dry perhaps, but particularly self-possessed. Mr. Bispham's Wotan was in its way a triumph, a genuine intellectual study, touched with all the power, the tenderness, and the regret which Wagner mingled so successfully in this difficult character, so long misunderstood.



## RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris. (1 & 2)		(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London. (1 & 2)		(1, 2, 3)
Victoria ...	dep. 10 0 a.m.	9 45 p.m.	Paris ...	dep. 10 0 a.m.	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge ...	10 0 ...	9 55 "	London Bridge ...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.
Paris ...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 45 a.m.	Victoria ...	7 0 "	7 50 "

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

CAEN FOR NORMANDY AND BRITTANY—Via Newhaven and Ouistreham.—THREE PASSENGER SERVICES WEEKLY. From London to Caen and from Caen to London.

Fares.—Single: First, 25s.; Second, 21s.; Third, 13s. Return: One Week, 30s., 25s., 15s.—Two Months, 38s., 32s., 20s.

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TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets

from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s., Pullman Car, 12s.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to Tuesday. Fares, 12s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

TO WORTHING.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets

from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car to Brighton.

EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 11s.

EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Fare, 13s., including Pullman Car to Brighton.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 3d., 7s.

TO EASTBOURNE.—EVERY SUNDAY Cheap Day Tickets from

Victoria 11 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EAST-

BOURNE.—EVERY WEEK-DAY.

From Victoria 8.10 and 9.50 a.m.; London Bridge 8.5 and 9.45 a.m.; New Cross 8.10 and 9.50 a.m.; Kensington 9.10 a.m.; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 9.35 a.m. Fares, 15s., 10s. 6d., 6s.

The Eastbourne Tickets are available for return the same or following day, and from Friday or Saturday to Monday.

EVERY SUNDAY from London Bridge 9.25 a.m.; New Cross 9.30 a.m.; Victoria 9.25 a.m.; Kensington 9.10 a.m.; Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m. For Return Times, Special Cheap Fares, &amp;c., see Handbills.

CHEAP TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday, by certain trains only. To Hastings or St. Leonards, 15s. 6d., 11s., 9s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 14s. 4d., 9s., 7s. 9d.

TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-DAY from Victoria

9.30 a.m.; Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m.; Kensington 9.10 a.m.; London Bridge 9.25 a.m. Fares, 9s., 6s., 3s. 6d.

CHEAP TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday, 9s., 6s., 5s.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of availability of all above Cheap Tickets see Handbills.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, via the Direct

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Week-Day Fast Through Trains and Boat Service as under:—

	a.m.		a.m.		a.m.		a.m.		p.m.		p.m.		p.m.		p.m.	
	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.
Victoria ...	6 45	10 25	10 30	11 35	11 40	1 45	3 55	4 55	5 0	7 25	7 30	9 30	9 35	11 35	11 40	1 45
London Bridge ...	6 45	10 25	10 30	11 35	11 40	1 45	3 55	4 55	5 0	7 25	7 30	9 30	9 35	11 35	11 40	1 45
Portsmouth ...	9 0	12 45	1 10	1 40	2 16	4 23	6 39	6 56	7 38	10 25	10 30	12 30	12 35	2 35	2 40	4 40
Ryde ...	9 55	1 50	1 50	2 50	3 0	5 10	7 45	7 45	8 35	10 25	10 30	12 30	12 35	2 35	2 40	4 40
Sandown ...	10 45	2 29	2 29	3 29	3 33	5 46	8 20	8 20	9 24	10 25	10 30	12 30	12 35	2 35	2 40	4 40
Shanklin ...	10 51	2 38	2 38	3 38	3 38	5 52	8 25	8 25	9 30	10 25	10 30	12 30	12 35	2 35	2 40	4 40
Ventnor ...	11 4	2 50	2 50	3 30	3 50	6 6	8 37	8 37	9 40	10 25	10 30	12 30	12 35	2 35	2 40	4 40
Cowes ...	11 23	3 17	3 17	3 33	3 33	5 35	7 55	7 55	9 0	10 25	10 30	12 30	12 35	2 35	2 40	4 40

B—To Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor, on Saturdays only.

London Bridge Terminus. (By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN AND NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAYS.

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AS UNDER—

	Each Saturday, from June 5 to July 3 inclusive.		Each Saturday, from July 10 to Sept. 25 inclusive.		Each Saturday, from July 10 to Sept. 25 inclusive.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
KING'S CROSS ... dep.	8 45	10 25	8 45	10 25	8 45	10 25
Moorgate Street ...	8 21	10 10	8 21	10 10	8 21	10 10
Finsbury Park ...	8 51	10 40	8 51	10 40	8 51	10 40

A—To Saltburn, Redcar, Seaton Carew, Tynemouth, Whitley, and Cullercoats. B—To Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Robin Hood's Bay, and Whitby.

TO

STATIONS.	RETURN TIMES During June.		FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY.	
	a.m.	p.m.	Third Class.	s. d.
BRIDLINGTON (via Selby and Easingwold) ...	11 43	17 6	17 6	
FILEY ...	10 49	20 0	20 0	
SCARBOROUGH ...	10 40	20 0	20 0	
ROBIN HOOD'S BAY ...	9 27	20 6	20 6	
WHITBY ...	9 30	21 0	21 0	
SALT BURN ...	10 8	21 0	21 0	
REDCAR ...	10 18	21 0	21 0	
SEATON CAREW ...	10 16	21 0	21 0	
TYNEMOUTH ...	8 57	21 0	21 0	
WHITLEY ...	8 48	21 0	21 0	
CULLERCOATS ...	8 51	21 0	21 0	

The Tickets will be available for return on the following Monday or Saturday, Monday week or Saturday week, or Monday fortnight.

FOR PARTICULARS OF RETURN TIMES DURING JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, see future announcements.

These Tickets will not be available at intermediate stations.

June 1897.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, G.N.R.

GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, N.E.R.

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En ton Station, London, June 1897.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

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Dublin, 1897.

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At the ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, Regent's Park,  
To Commemorate the Glorious Reign of QUEEN and EMPRESS VICTORIA,  
And in AID of the FUNDS of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea.  
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Under the patronage of Sir Henry Irving, will be represented by  
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Admission, 1s., every day from twelve o'clock during the whole week.  
The fête will conclude each evening with a Display of Fire Pictures, by Messrs. James Pain and Sons.

Tickets and all particulars may be had from the Victoria Hospital, Chelsea.  
The Hon. CONRAD DILLON (Chairman of Fête Committee).  
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HOW WOMAN DRESSED IN 1837.



JANUARY.



FEBRUARY.



MARCH.



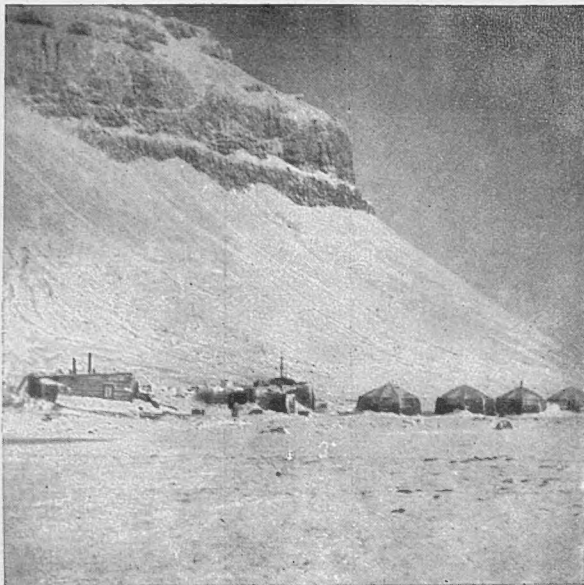
APRIL.



The great Jubilee of the Queen is being celebrated all the wide world round, but in no place will it be commemorated under more unique circumstances than in the Arctic regions. At the present moment there is but one group of human beings to be found in those vast icy wastes. The group is composed of the six Englishmen led by Frederick Jackson, and their camp at Elmwood, Franz Josef Land, the most northerly settlement in the whole world, is, at the same time, the farthest outpost of the British Empire. The great celebration will, we have reason to know, extend even to these limits, and nowhere will there be a heartier loyalty and a more unbounded enthusiasm than among these gallant explorers. They possess the true patriotism who dare greatly for their country's sake, and therefore we may be certain that Jackson and his colleagues are uniting with us in the heartiest fashion in this week of Jubilee.

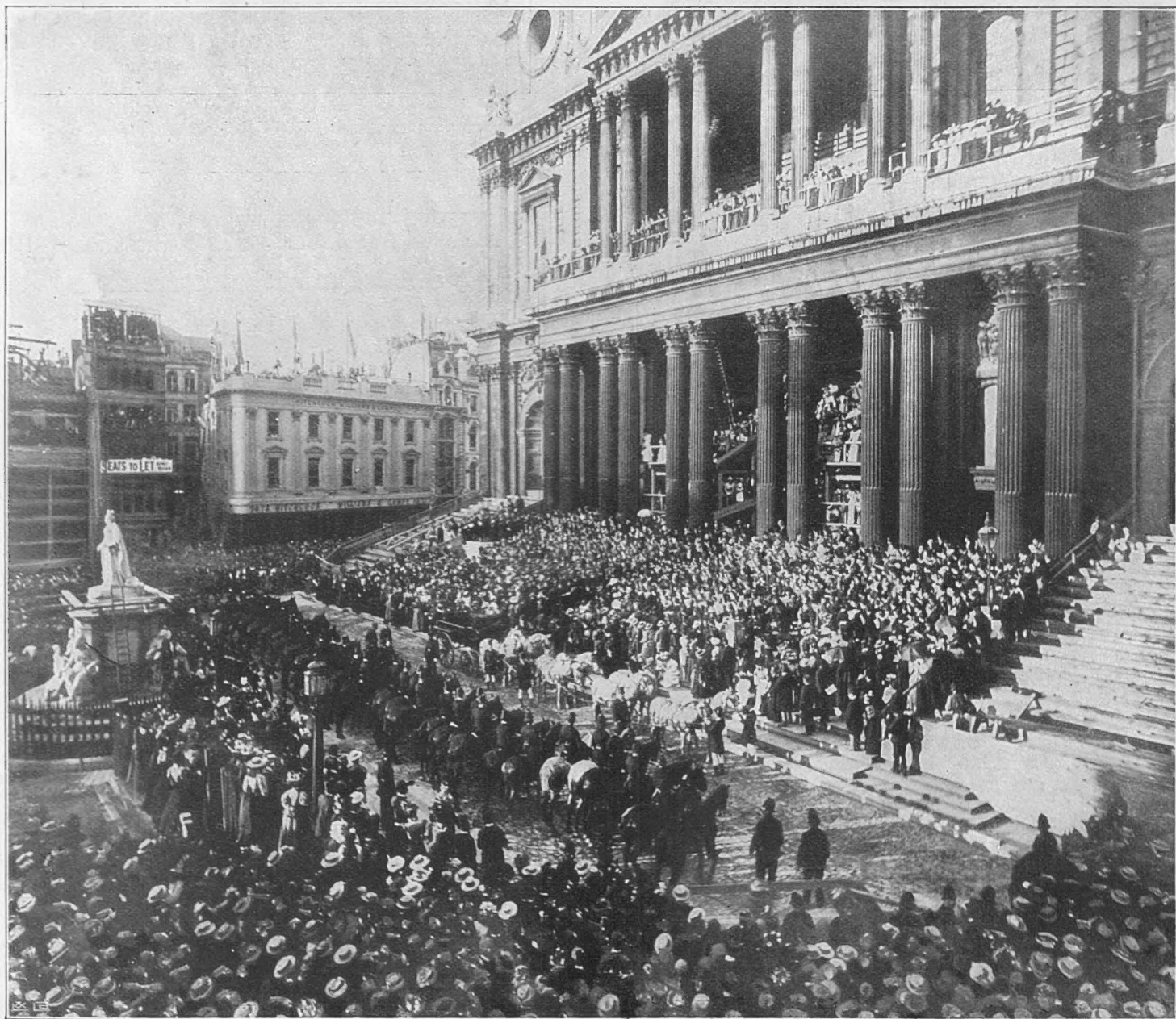
The House of Commons has caught the Jubilee enthusiasm as strongly as any body of men—aye, or of women. It takes a schoolboyish delight in shows and pageants. A naval review or a military display sometimes turns its head, and during this festive summer it has become thoroughly imbued with the holiday spirit. The temper of the House was spoiled in recent Sessions by too much work and too little play; this year it has had plenty of play, although nobody has lamented its lack of industry. In loyalty her Majesty's faithful Commons have always been conspicuous, and they took care to reward their own loyalty with a good view of the Jubilee Procession. Their stand between the Clock Tower and the Thames excited the envy of less-favoured spectators on account of its commanding position and its comfortable, substantial form.

Every member was entitled to one seat gratis, and to two other places at twelve-and-sixpence each. Naturally the tickets did not go a-begging. There was no honourable or right honourable gentlemen without lady friends ready to promise undying gratitude in return for a place on the Parliamentary stand. That stand had many attractions; it was comparatively easy of access, its occupants were assured of luncheon in comfortable rooms, they had Palace Yard and the Terrace and the Hall in which to promenade, and they knew they would be well protected. No wonder, therefore, that the privilege of a seat was greatly in demand.



THE MOST NORTHERLY COLONY IN THE WORLD.  
*In which the Queen's subjects are Jubilating.*

A heavy responsibility has lain during the Jubilee preparations upon Mr. Akers-Douglas. When Lord Rosebery was First Commissioner of Works, he described himself as merely a plumber and glazier. In the capacity of the mechanic of the Ministry, Mr. Akers-Douglas has had to provide stands not only for the members and the officials of Parliament, but also for Civil Servants and others connected with the business of the State. It has been a worrying occupation. Yet the First Commissioner has never looked otherwise than placid. A man who has been Chief Whip and has come up to the table smiling in defeat possesses nerve for anything. It would take a great deal to ruffle Mr. Akers-Douglas. He is not a profound statesman, and he never attempts any oratorical flight; but he is a cool, sensible man, trusted by Mr. Balfour in Party matters, and resorted to by Sir William Harcourt when the latter wishes to arrange a "deal" with his opponents. Mr. Akers-Douglas is popular in the House. "Akers" was his patronymic, and he assumed the additional "Douglas" on succeeding to an estate in Dumfries.



YESTERDAY'S PROCESSION REHEARSED AT ST. PAUL'S.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



HOW WOMAN DRESSED IN 1837.



MAY.



JUNE.



JULY.



AUGUST.

Much more might have been made of the Queen in caricature. Elsewhere in this issue you will find some humorous cartoons of her Majesty's first visit to Scotland. Meantime, I may call attention to the half-crown reprint of Mr. Punch's pictures of her Majesty since 1841. Below I reproduce the first picture of the Queen in *Punch*. "The



THE JUBILEE OF MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Letter of Introduction," as it is called, touches the great Melbourne incident. The young Queen, seated before Melbourne's bust, opens the letter of introduction which Peel has brought. The letterpress facing every cartoon is by Toby, M.P. Mr. Harry Furniss has reprinted his sketches under the title "Pen and Pencil in Parliament" (Sampson Low). Regarded as a political *résumé* of the end of the reign, it is interesting; but Parliament is so dead at this moment that I should have thought this was not a very favourable time to launch such a book, admirable though much of it is.

But the poets have become caricaturists unintentionally. Mr. J. H. Tomlin, amid meadow margins, pictured the Procession weeks ago as if he had actually seen it pass. Having described the troops, he sings—

Welcome, ye Powers congratulate on this occasion rare!  
Hurrah! Our genial princes, and the royal ladies fair!  
Upon their ears resound the cheers with loud and steady roar,  
As springtide waves unceasing beat upon a smiling shore.

As he passes St. James's Chapel he breaks forth—

Again she hears the bursting cheers from joyous thousands fall,  
As Hymen's glad procession moved along the frenzied Mall,  
To that small, homely chapel near, for love to plight its troth,  
While honest hearts o'er all the world wished choicest bliss to both.



THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

Being the first appearance of the Queen in "Punch," September, 1841.

The Penge Poet (J. Gwyer) sings (amid 184 lines) as follows—

For sixty years our Queen has reigned,  
And nobly worn her crown;  
The longest and the best attained,  
With honour and renown. . . .

John Williams missionary too,  
In early reign of Queen;  
Preached Isle of Erramango through,  
And saving grace was seen. . . .

May daily *Mail's* bright medals prove  
To Prince's cause an aid,  
A diamond angry (*sic*) to move,  
Till goodly sun be paid.

The Princess of Wales will get  
The heartiest thanks we know;  
Her poor fund has most kindly met  
A debt to them we owe. . . .

From window glass off came the tax,  
From papers, too, the same,  
Free schoolings now for every class  
In her bright reign then came.

Miss Alice E. Ruegg is responsible for a Victorian Birthday-Book (Letts and Co.). It briefly details the events of the day, with a quotation from a Victorian poet.

Fifty years ago last Monday her Majesty's subjects flocked to Queen Anne's Room at St. James's Palace to see two pictures which had been painted by Winterhalter. The one was the well-known group of the



LONDONERS VIEWING WINTERHALTER'S PICTURE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

Queen and Prince Albert and their five children. The second was smaller—a full-length portrait of the Prince of Wales dressed as a British tar.

This from the births, marriages, and deaths column in the *Era* is funny—

MARX.—On Sunday, June 6, 1897, the beloved wife of Al Marx (the Herculean King) of a Jubilee daughter. Mother and child both doing well.

Strange to say, very few new portraits of her Majesty, save photographs, appear at this time. A capital picture is that which Mr. Forestier took recently at Cimiez, and which is reproduced in the magnificent Jubilee Number of the *Illustrated London News*. Another excellent portrait is from the brush of M. Guth, who went specially to Cimiez for the purpose. The picture represents the Queen as she actually took her daily morning drive in her donkey-carriage through the grounds of the Villa Liserb. It appears in colours as a supplement to last week's special issue of *Vanity Fair*, and is well worth securing. But the full-length one which I prefer above all others is that by Mr. W. N. P. Nicholson—one of the "Beggartaff Brothers." It shows her Majesty "short and stout, her hair silvered by many years, but so regal that she is every inch a Queen, as she rests on her good strong stick," a little Skye terrier pricking up friendly ears at her feet.

Even the *Phrenological Journal*, printed and published though it be in New York, has a Jubilee Number, despite the fact that her Majesty's cranium has not been examined by the editors thereof. Her head, we are assured, is—

broad anteriorly and laterally, as well as full occipitally. She is energetic, forcible, executive, and full of pluck and resolution. She combines remarkable powers of mind, such as executiveness and industry, from her forceful faculties; sympathy and conscientious regard, from her moral attributes; parental affections and social influence, from her domestic propensities; and keen perceptive, logical discernments, from her intellectual sentiment.

The Prince of Wales is "fairly developed in the crown of the head, but none too much." The Duke of York is "not so aggressive as the Emperor of Germany." Next, please!



HOW WOMAN DRESSED IN 1837.



SEPTEMBER.



OCTOBER.



NOVEMBER.



DECEMBER.

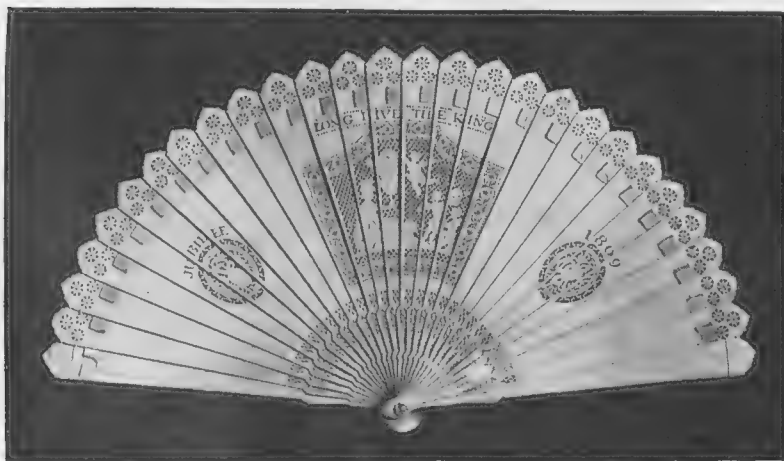
The music publishers have been busy. Messrs. Ascherberg issue "For Sixty Years," which Mr. Templar Saxe has been singing at the Matinée Theatre, a polka composed by H. Klussmann, and a march by J. Ord Hume.

The *Golden Penny* has hit upon the idea of contrasting the progress of the reign in its Jubilee Number by figures of different sizes. Thus, the emigrants of 1837 (numbering 72,000) are represented by a labourer; those of 1897 (numbering 185,000) by another labourer as big again, and so on. This is indeed a graphic idea. The *Star* devised a novel scheme of augmenting the funds of three of the London Children's Hospitals by issuing a double number last Monday week at a penny, half of which is to be devoted to those homes of suffering. In any case, it guaranteed three hundred pounds for the purpose. It was very well illustrated, and very lively. My colleague, Captain Coe, dealt at length with "The Queen at Ascot," and "Rover" wrote about the jubilee of cricket.

An ingenious naturalised gentleman, M. Jacques P. Solari, in a little book (prettily bound with red ribbon), which he calls "Sixty Sixties," has compiled a record of the reign in sixty sentences composed of exactly sixty letters each. For example—

Some direct descendants of the Queen now wear and others will succeed to :  
Three Imperial, two Royal, and many Princely and Ducal Crowns over Europe.  
Her Majesty Victoria is Sixth British Sovereign of the House of Hanover.  
And the Sixtieth Ruler of the House of England, from Egbert, the first King,  
And she is the first of the Sixty who rule the chief countries of the world.  
All her Catholics sing loudly, "Domine Salvum Fac Regina Nostra Victoria."  
Sixty millions Mohammedan subjects regard her duly as another Calipha,  
Has Sixty principal possessions scattered over every part of the globe.

This historic fan is of special interest at the moment. The sticks are six and a-half inches long; in the centre medallion is the figure of



JUBILEE FAN FOR GEORGE III.

Britannia and an oval medallion of George III. The interesting relic is now in the possession of Mr. T. H. Longfield, F.S.A., of Dublin.

The Great Western Railway Company have, in an indirect way, celebrated the occasion by constructing a new train for conveying royalty to Windsor. It is composed of six vehicles—two brake-vans, two royal saloons, a first class corridor-carriage, and the Queen's "coach," the whole weighing 160 tons and measuring 338 feet. With the dislike of new-fangled things that has always characterised the Queen, her Majesty's "coach" is that in which she has travelled on the Great Western system since 1874, though considerable alterations have been made in it. It was on the company's system that the Queen made her first railway journey in 1842. This and the wonderful story of the railway during the reign you will find described and pictured in the current issue of the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Several interesting facsimile reprints have made their appearance. Among these are the *Court Journal* of June 24, 1837; the *Globe* of June 28, 1838; and the *Observer* of July 1, 1838. Mr. Edmund Routledge, who has, I understand, acquired the *Court Journal*, is to be congratulated on his Jubilee issue. Besides the facsimile of the 1837 issue (which cost eightpence!), he reprinted with the number for last Saturday week the account of the Coronation which the *Journal* gave on June 30, 1838. The *Globe* facsimile is as exactly similar as it is possible to make it. A piece of the old paper was carefully analysed, and, as a result, the copy has been made of pure white rag, a material now only used for the finest note-paper. The old paper was photographed on to zinc plates and printed on the flat. The stamp printed in red in the top right-hand corner is an exact facsimile of the old newspaper-stamp, and is reproduced by special permission of the Inland Revenue officials. It is also an interesting memento, as showing the advances made at the time in newspaper reporting, the paper having been published on the evening of the Coronation. Mr. John Hodges has reprinted the *Sun* which described the Queen's marriage. I should notice, too, that Mr. Henry Frowde has reprinted, in a neat little book, the "Form and Order of the Coronation Service" at Westminster. It has been evidently edited with great care.

A beautiful album of pictures of the Queen's Highland home has been issued by Messrs. Walter Scott, from photographs taken by Morgan, of Aberdeen, and with capital letterpress by Mr. A. I. McConnochie, the



THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE HIGHLANDS IN 1847.

most daring hill-climber in Scotland. The book is splendidly printed, and forms one of the best souvenirs of the season that I have seen.

How many years it may be since I visited that part of the town immortalised by Mr. Sam Gerridge as the abiding-place of the nobility and gentry—to wit, the "Borough Road and its vicinity"—I hardly know, but it must be a considerable number. The general appearance of the neighbourhood in question seemed but little altered when I passed through it the other day, except for the royal progress by Queen Victoria. The Police Station, which is at an excellent point of vantage, had put up a big erection. The churchyard of St. George's, which is a roomy piece of ground at an angle of the road commanding an admirable view of the approaching show, was filled with seats, which must have brought a harvest of sovereigns for the benefit of a parish none too rich. All along the ancient thoroughfare tickets were displayed with the legend "Seats for the Jubilee Procession." Past the various inns and yards and side-streets whose names recall the London of long ago—past that narrow portion of the street where stood the squalid-looking little building called the "Hen and Chickens," the name of which was in everyone's mouth, I remember, when Wainwright deposited there the remains of his ill-fated mistress Harriet Lane—past the tall buildings principally devoted to the hop industry, and still the same legend, till one reached the approach to London Bridge, where some of the houses that have a view across it were getting excellent prices.

Should you have the curiosity to explore this part of London, let me strongly recommend you to descend the steps and visit the restored St. Saviour's, Southwark—lovers of Gothic architecture will be well rewarded for their pains. I had not been in the church since the terrible old nave marred the building; now, in its present form, the church is certainly one of the glories of London, and in a few years, when time has a little mellowed the newness of the stone and the rest of the windows have been filled with stained glass, the effect will be even more beautiful than is the case at present. By the way, why do the authorities refuse the public admission to the space immediately in front of the altar (where, by the way, is one of the most interesting tombs in the church)? Surely, if irreverent men and boys, with their caps on and in their shirt-sleeves, may bustle about the sacred spot with palms and flowers, making it like a stall at Covent Garden, a reverent stranger might be permitted to examine the glorious work that has come down to him from a former generation, as long as he conducts himself in seemly fashion.



ROYAL AQUATIC EXCURSION TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL, 1838.



THE QUEEN.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

FOUR GENERATIONS.  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUNN AND STUART, RICHMOND

## REMINISCENCES OF THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

DICTATED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Sixty years is a long time to remember, and yet those who witnessed the stirring scenes attending the Coronation of the girl Queen still marvel at the wonder of it all, even after the long, dim spaces of time that have passed between then and now.

At that time it was the grandest event of the century, and everything in the kingdom was at a standstill; wars, politics, business, and failures were forgotten, only the one object, the one sensation, sending its waves of excitement to the outermost limits of Britain.

The constant loyalty with which the true Briton had long been accustomed to welcome the first appearance of his Sovereign was heightened to excess by the flower-like youth, the beauty and virtue of his lovely Queen. Enthusiasm became almost a frenzy, and nothing was talked of or thought of but the fair, faultless Victoria.

The English had had no Queen for more than a century, and the charm of novelty belonged to the new accession. The reigns of the only two who ruled England during three hundred years had been among the most brilliant periods of its history.

This new Queen, moreover, was assuming the

full powers of royalty at an earlier age than anyone of her predecessors. Five only of the British Kings had been under the legal period of manhood at their accession, and these were all minors, and therefore in charge of a Regent.

Victoria, on the other hand, inspired her subjects by her strength of character in taking the whole responsibility of state in one investment at the tender age of eighteen. Youth is always inspiring, and brave youth arouses to the pitch of enthusiasm. Hence the unbounded excitement of the first year of her reign.

Every public appearance of the girl Queen was greeted with the most intense delight, and on the occasion of the two greatest events of her accession, the dining at Guildhall with the City authorities and, six months later, the Coronation ceremony, the whole business of London stood still. The first event took place six months after her accession, and one would suppose the ardour of the people would have slightly cooled, inasmuch as they had the opportunity of watching her movements daily. But her passing over three miles of the City for the simple purpose of dining at Guildhall was one of the most exciting events of the age, for the simple reason that the people made of it a great occasion.

The dinner was to take place on Nov. 9, and for weeks beforehand the newspapers were filled with columns upon columns pertaining to the event. All roads led to London, and an air of the greatest agitation pervaded the very atmosphere. All traffic ceased. The "nation of shopkeepers" actually deserted its shops, and men, women, and children teemed through the streets in anticipation of what was to come. Everybody was out of doors and on the *qui vive*, the one subject for all being the Queen—the Queen—the Queen! The decorations along the line which the procession was to take were elaborate and splendid, the buildings for miles having temporary stagings for the illuminations and the accommodation of the sightseers. Gorgeous crimson and purple draperies were suspended everywhere, and masses of royal, national, and heraldic flags were displayed at every possible point, while vast quantities of green boughs were mixed with devices and suspended across the streets. The prices for seats and standing-places ran up to enormous figures, and many people paid for the privilege of standing on the cornices, and kept their uncomfortable positions for hours before the procession passed. At St. Paul's was the most important point of the journey, and here the decorations were the most elaborate, while the crowd was a living ocean of humanity as far as the eye could see, the uncovered heads swaying eagerly for a glimpse of the Queen. Rich and poor, peer and pauper, all were animated by a single feeling, that of the unbounded enthusiasm of loyalty.

With such a state of affairs existing before the arrival of the Sovereign, it is easy to fancy the enthusiasm displayed when the first glimpse of the royal cortège, in all its splendour of trappings and glittering array of attendance, was gained by the mass of humanity about the old minster after such long, weary hours of waiting. What a thrilling sensation it was when one long, loud shout rose from the thousands of throats and burst upon the air! Enthusiasm carried everybody away, and it was a scene never to be forgotten. Eight hundred boys stationed in decorated booths about St. Paul's burst out into song, flags were

waved, women fluttered their handkerchiefs from the windows and leaned far out with eager, flushed faces and flying laces and ribbons. All heads were uncovered, all voices joining in shouting "Long live Victoria!" "Welcome the Queen!"

The contagion of such a spectacle was irresistible and overwhelming. More than marble must have been the soul of the creature who could have looked on unmoved, and the young Queen showed her appreciation frankly from her sweet eyes. It was apparent to all how deeply she was affected by these demonstrations, and how proud and happy it made her to have such loyal subjects when she had not yet done anything to deserve it except to be young and lovely. She was taken entirely by surprise, for she had not expected so much, and yet through the whole she bore herself with a sweet dignity that aroused universal admiration. The upright attitude, the graceful posture, the intense attention she paid to all that went on around her, were maintained without a moment's flinching. This showed the genuine breeding of a Queen. No movement escaped her notice. Every display of enthusiasm on the part of the people, even the waving of the women's arms from the windows, was acknowledged with the most vigilant courtesy.

Even the Duchess of Kent, sitting in the same carriage with her daughter, and watching her every movement with an anxiety which only such a mother at such a time could experience, indulged herself in a glow of self-congratulation and generous patriotic pride for which she could easily be forgiven. The self-possession, ease, and grace of the little lady were indeed highly creditable to both, and yet there was nothing masculine in this hardihood. No suspicion of insensibility or indelicacy could be attached to it. The discipline of her royal training itself was not more apparent than the maiden modesty which gave it its highest gloss, or the genuine youthfulness of feeling which no education, no notions of dignity, no force of habit, no false excitement, had taught her or could teach her to suppress.

Six months after this exciting event came the Coronation, and the enthusiasm of the people, not yet wholly subsided, was again brought to an exciting pitch, even more vivid than before, and greatly accentuated by the multitude of strangers that poured into London to the amount of hundreds of thousands. The visitors came from every quarter of the globe, and no such human congregation ever was seen before. Imperial and imposing beyond description was the spectacle of countless masses of humanity pouring through the streets and squares, like a great ocean let loose and carrying everything before it.

In the evening the theatres were opened free by royal command, namely, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Haymarket, the English Opera House, the Adelphi, the Strand, Astley's, the Surrey, the Victoria, the City of London, and Sadler's Wells. The bill at Drury Lane consisted of "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Youthful Queen." In the latter every possible hint applicable to the happy occasion was seized upon with avidity and cordially applauded. Between the comedy and farce the National Anthem was sung by the *dramatis personæ*, the solos being taken by Mrs. E. Seguin, Miss Forde, and Mr. Fraser. Each verse was rapturously cheered, and an enthusiastic encore bestowed at the close, the audience joining heart and soul in the fervent and loyal aspirations for our beloved Sovereign. The exterior of the theatre was splendidly illuminated.

The reasons for her charm over the people were many, but not the least of them was her modesty. There was a showing of real simplicity in her bearing, in her obvious sensibility, and her giving herself up to her impulses. She had an unaffected freshness of feeling, and nothing was half so pleasing amid the parade of her procession to Guildhall as the emotion with which she responded to the reception of the people.



THOMAS KELLY,  
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON 1837.



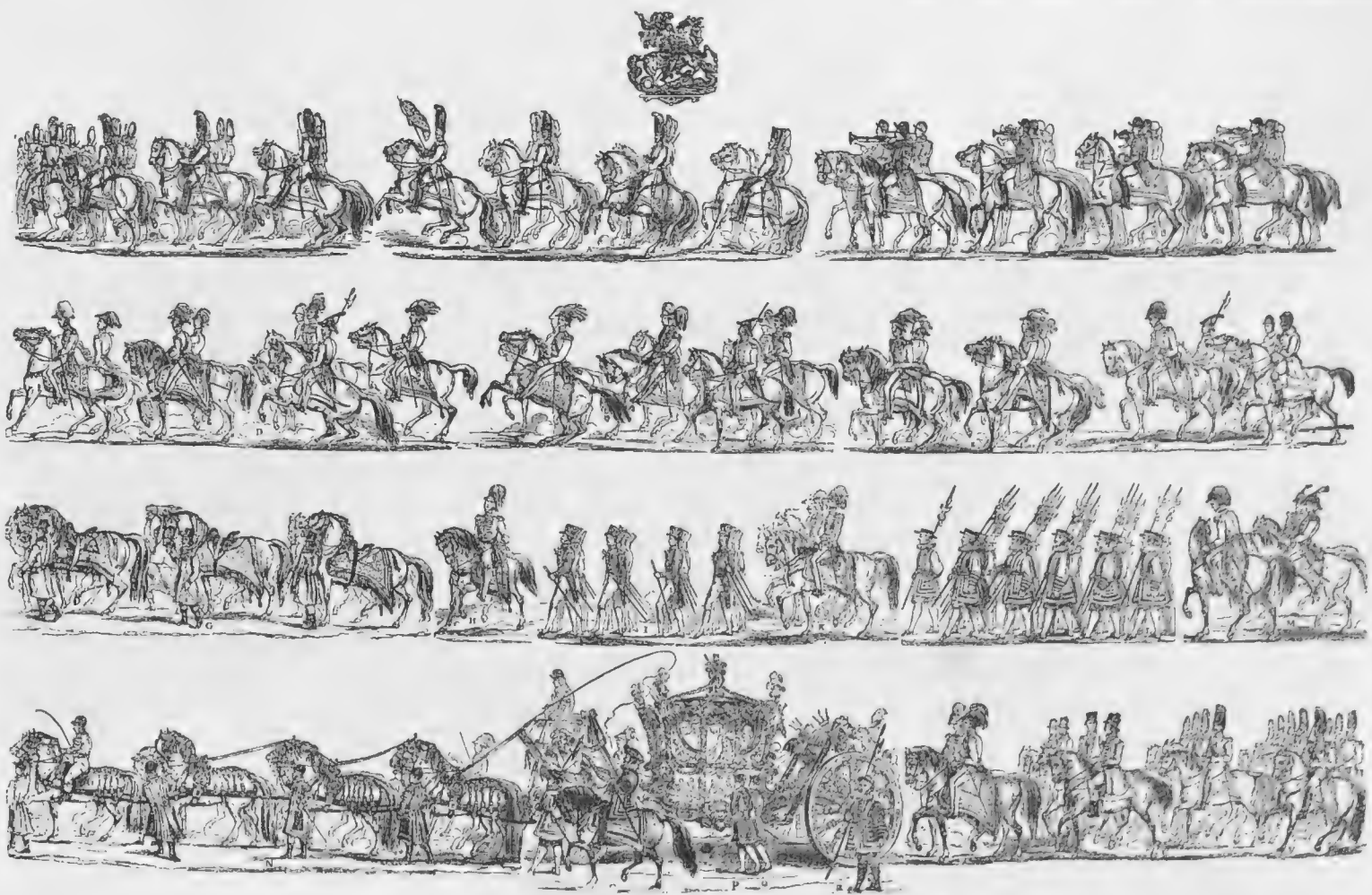
SILHOUETTE OF THE QUEEN.



Thousands upon thousands of appointments were sought of the new

she quietly left these scrupulous gentlemen to themselves. The mildness of the Queen's deportment towards the humble and poor of her subjects began with her ascension, and she seized every opportunity of doing good and bringing happiness. Her training led her to do this, for her mother had accustomed her to real, practical benevolence, not the mere meagre charity of money. Indeed, the two used to go about the country

**"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"**  
Will be sung by Messrs FRAZER, B. BOGGIN, BURNETT, & JONES—Miss HAINFORTH, Mrs. E. BOGGIN,  
Miss POOLE, Miss L. MELVILLE, and the whole Company.

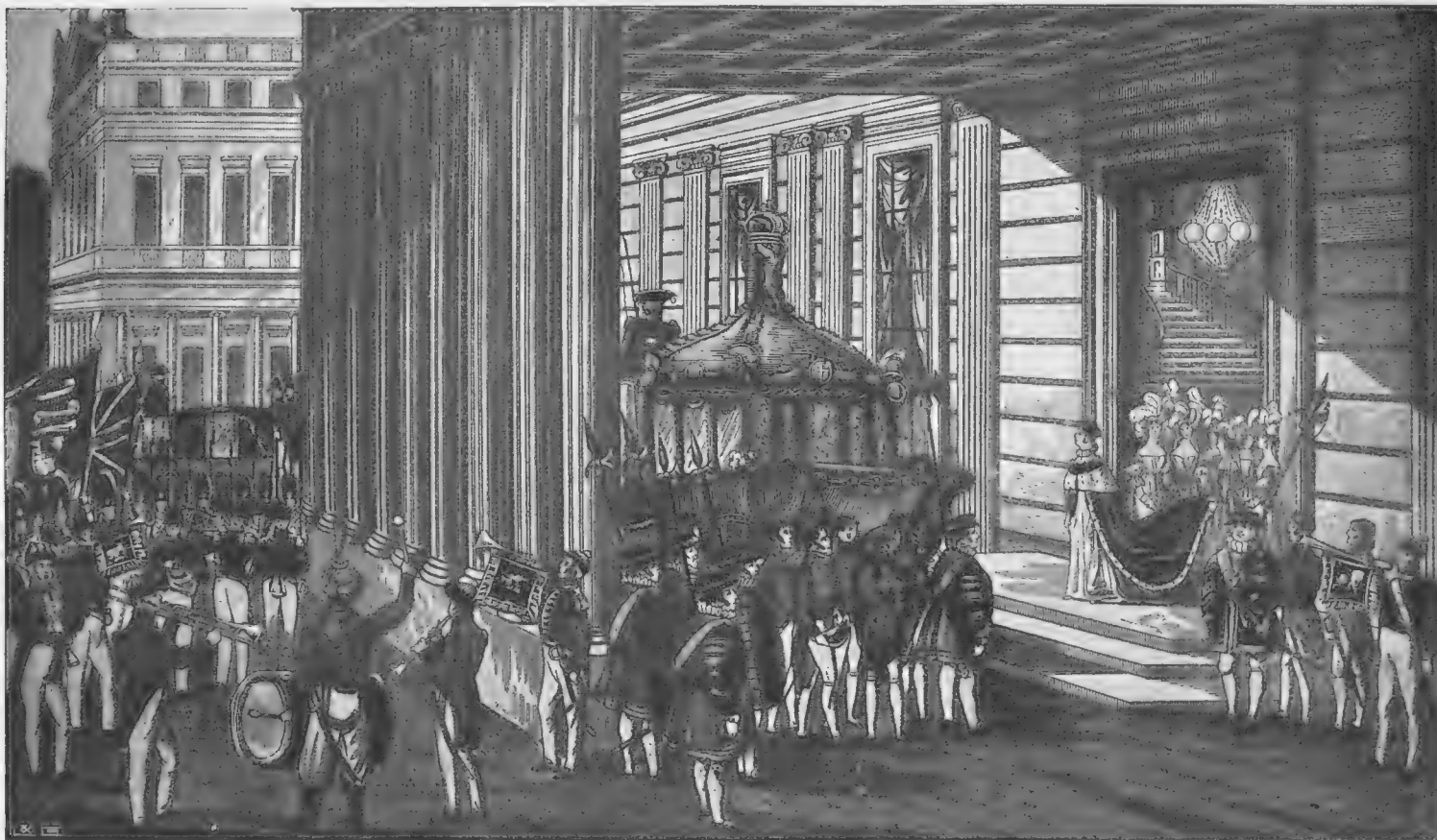


REPRODUCED FROM "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON," SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1838.

Sovereign, and the newspapers were filled with the announcements of them when granted. The trading world was kept in a perfect ferment until all these distinctions were bestowed. Some of the following are among those given: "Bug-destroyer and Rat-catcher to her Majesty." Over a toy-shop in Cheesewell was a sign reading, "Sims and Daly, Toy Manufacturers to her Majesty. A variety of Fancy Dolls and Spring-

of that time some of her gowns are described. That which she wore at the first Drawing-Room was of silver tissue, trimmed with rich bullion fringe. There was a magnificent diamond stomacher to the body, and the train was of pink satin, trimmed with sable, and lined with rich white silk. Her head-dress was of diamonds, feathers, and lace lappets.

The Queen's beauty consisted largely of the wholesome freshness and

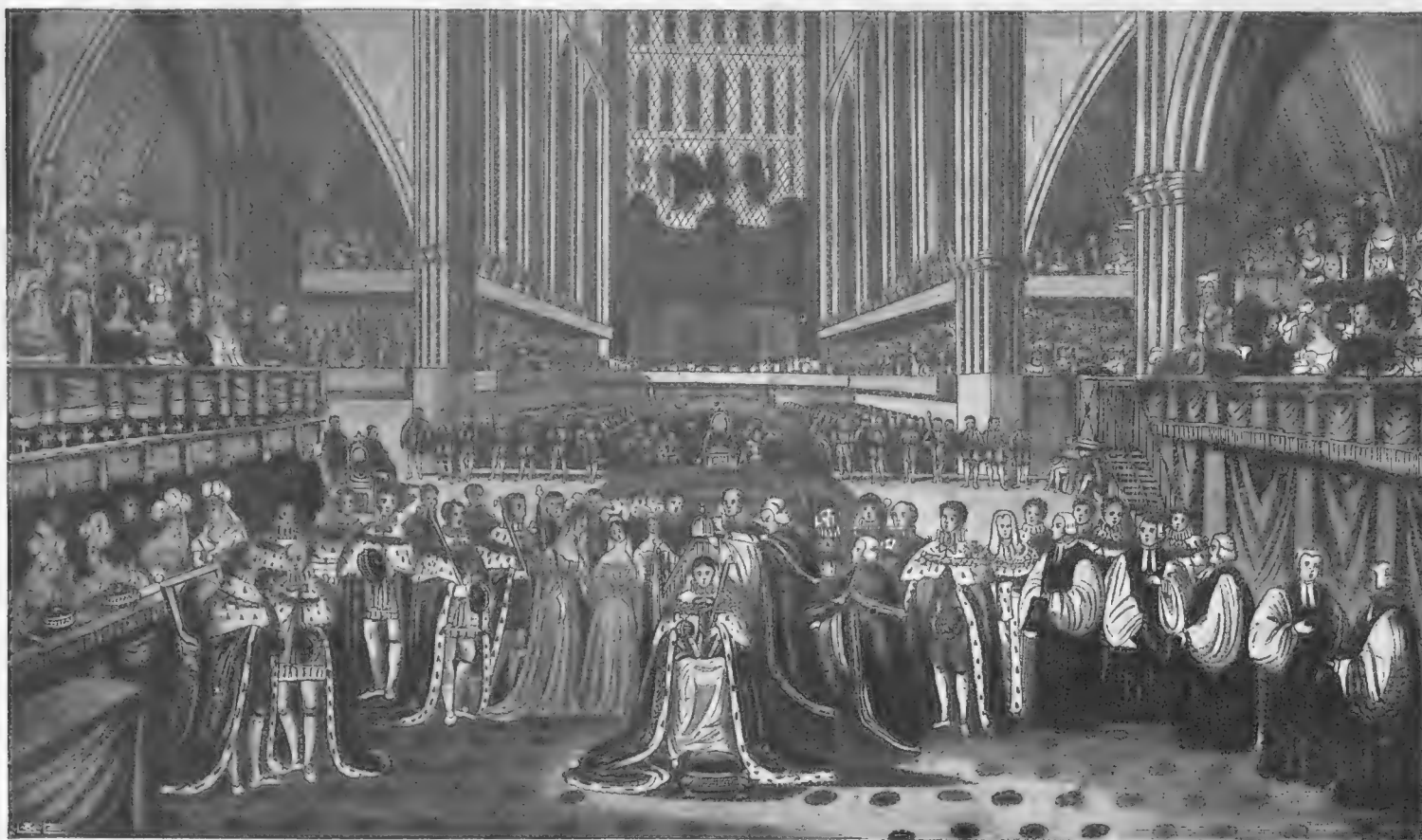


THE QUEEN LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO BE CROWNED AT THE ABBEY.

Headed Jacks within." A Scotsman at Glenbury announced himself as "Distiller of Whisky to Her Majesty," and a still more delicate compliment was paid her by a Dutch tavern-keeper, who informed his customers that "the season had begun for Queen Victoria's much-admired trype and cow-heels."

It is a well-known fact that the Queen in her youth was extremely fond of dress, and her costumes were magnificent. In a ladies' journal

health of youth. Her features were clear-cut, her eyes large and shining, and the little peculiarity of her mouth being habitually open a little over the teeth was very fascinating. The Duchess, her mother, is said always to have objected to the painters representing it as it was, while Victoria always insisted on an exact likeness. The best thing about her face was the expression, which was always sincere, frank, and warm-hearted, and altogether she was really entitled to be called a beauty.



THE CORONATION SCENE AT WESTMINSTER.



## PAUL'S CROSS.

In view of the prominent place that St. Paul's assumed on June 22, one's thoughts wander back to a period when the same Churchyard witnessed scenes of no less interest, if in character they were less peaceful. Outside, at the north-east end of St. Paul's—the Cathedral before the present—



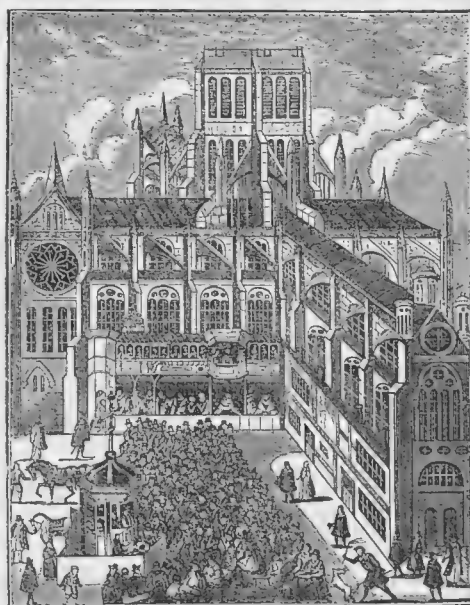
PAUL'S CROSS.

was a place of meeting marked by a cross. Mention of this cross was made in the time of Henry III., when (in the year 1260) the Lord Mayor was commanded to make striplings of twelve years and upwards there swear allegiance to the King and his heirs. This "antient cross" stood for over a century, but in the year 1382 was destroyed or defaced by a tempest. No cross then marked the spot until Thomas Kempe, the Bishop of London, erected, about 1449, on its site "a

pulpit-crosse of timber mounted upon steppes of stone and covered with lead, standing in the midst of the Churchyard," as a writer a century and a half later quaintly described it.

Paul's Cross, which is frequently mentioned in history, served as the pulpit from which almost every event, both political and ecclesiastical, was discussed—for giving force to oaths, for the promulgation of laws, for the emission of Papal bulls, for anathematising sinners, and for exposing penitents under censure of the Church; benedictions were here bestowed, and recantations made. The ambitious made it a medium for their private ends, and those who had incurred the displeasure of their Sovereign were here defamed. Truly, as Carlyle calls it, "a kind of *Times* newspaper." The people sat upon wooden benches in the open air, or stood about the Cross; in inclement weather the sermon, or oration, was delivered in the adjoining *shrolds*—the crypt of the Cathedral. The Church of St. Faith (in the crypt) was called, it may be mentioned, "St. Faith in the *shrolds*." The three great *folk-motes* were held at the Cross, and in the time of Henry III. and Edward I. anyone neglecting to attend at least one of these incurred a penalty of forty shillings.

On the death of Edward IV. (1483) it was desired to obtain the people's approval of the Duke of Gloucester's title to the throne, and a popular preacher of the day, Dr. Ralph Shaw, was with that end in view engaged to preach at Paul's Cross. On the conclusion of his discourse, with its fulsome periods and evident bias, it was so contrived that the Protector and the Duke of Buckingham should appear among the crowd, when, it was hoped, the people, with loud acclamations, would shout "God save King Richard!" But the populace, angry at the preacher's action, received them in sullen silence and with downcast looks. The sermon thus failed in its object, and cost Dr. Shaw his popularity. The beautiful Jane Shore, accused of witchcraft by the Duke of Gloucester, did penance at the Cross, and here the marriage contract between James IV. of Scotland and Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., was (in 1502) publicly announced. On this occasion the "Te Deum" was sung, twelve bonfires set a-blasting, and twelve hogsheads of wine given to the populace "to be drunken of all men free." By order of Bishop Stokesley, Tindal's translation of the Bible was here burned, and in 1521 the sentence of the Pope was pronounced by Bishop Fisher upon Martin Luther. Cardinal Wolsey, as the Pope's Legate, occupied a specially erected platform, and sat "under his cloth of estate, which was ordained for him, his two crosses on every side of him." On his right was the Pope's Ambassador, and next to him the Archbishop of Canterbury; on his left sat the Emperor's Ambassador, and by him the Bishop of Durham; and "all the other bishops, with other noble prelates, sat on two forms." During the sermon many of Luther's



.PREACHING AT PAUL'S CROSS.

works were burned in the Churchyard, "which ended, my Lord Cardinal went home to dinner, with all the other prelates."

In the year 1534 Elizabeth Barton, "the Holy Maid of Kent," with her accomplices, the Dean of Bocking and the Parson of Aldermanbury, knelt upon a scaffold at Paul's Cross while their confession was publicly read, and the wickedness of their imposture dwelt upon by the Bishop of Bangor. They afterwards suffered execution at Tyburn. In 1538 the famous Rood of Grace, or Crucifix, from Boxley in Kent, was exposed by Bishop Fisher, and the artful construction by which it had been made to bow its head, open its eyes, and appear to speak fully explained to the people. It was consigned to the flames on the spot.

Henry VIII., when his divorce from Queen Catherine was being opposed by the Church of Rome, caused sermons to be preached from "Sunday to Sunday," to show that the paramount jurisdiction claimed by the Pope was "only under sufferance of Princes." Latimer, the famous Bishop of Worcester, preached several sermons at the Cross in the year 1548.

A veritable pillory was this pulpit-cross: neither class nor creed was free from it. Lady Markham, for instance, in 1617, for marrying one of her servants during the lifetime of Sir Griffin Markham, her husband, was made to stand covered with a white sheet before the Cross, and was, in addition, mulcted in a penalty of one thousand pounds. Among Sovereigns who attended here should be mentioned Charles I., who was present at a sermon preached on the occasion of the birth of his son, afterwards Charles II.

The last sermon of importance at Paul's Cross was delivered before James I. The King, attended by his Court, rode on horseback in great state from Whitehall on the mid-Lent Sunday of the year 1620 to countenance a scheme for the restoration of the Cathedral. After the performance of certain ceremonies within the Cathedral, he proceeded to the Cross, where Dr. John King, the Bishop of London (himself a great benefactor to the Cathedral), preached the sermon. The text was from Psalm cii. (v. 13, 14). So quaintly does the sermon read that we here give an extract from it—

I am now to speake unto you of a literall and artificial *Sion*, a Temple without life, yet of a sickly and crazie constitution, sicke of age itselfe, and with many aches in his [*sic*] joynts, together with a lingering consumption, that hath lien in her [*sic*] bowels, the timber in the beames whereof cryeth, I perish, and the stone in the walles answereth no lesse, and part is already moultered away to stone, part to dust.

Religious discourses continued to be delivered down to the time of the Civil Wars. But the days of the Cross were numbered, and some twenty years or so later it was destroyed.

Many Royal Progresses were made to St. Paul's Cathedral. In the year 1588 (November), in celebration of the defeat of the Armada, Queen Elizabeth rode in state to St. Paul's (the old building) in a chariot throne. A long procession, representing her Household, the Bar, the Nobility, the City, and the Church, preceded her. Between twelve and one o'clock she was received at the west door by the Bishop of London and the clergy in rich copes, and conducted to the choir, the clergy singing the "Letanie." At the conclusion of the service a sermon was preached at Paul's Cross by Dr. Pierce, the Bishop of Salisbury.

A service of general thanksgiving for the successes of the Duke of Marlborough was attended by Queen Anne in the year 1706 (December). This was in the present Cathedral. The Queen sat in the west end of the choir. The members of the Houses of Parliament were present, the Speaker sitting in the centre of the south end of the choir. The Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Sheriffs occupied galleries near the altar. In the galleries on either side of the organ were the choirs of the Queen's Chapel Royal. After a short "ejaculation," the Queen rose and seated herself, the music ceased, and the first service having being read, the "Te Deum" was sung. The sermon, by the Bishop of Salisbury, was followed by the anthem, prayers, and Benediction.

George III., upon his recovery from his serious malady, attended in 1789 (April) a thanksgiving service, being accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. The body of the choir was filled by the Peers, and the Commons occupied the stalls. Some six thousand charity children were present, and joined in part of the service. The preacher was the Bishop of London.

The successful issue of the trial of Queen Caroline was marked by a Thanksgiving Service. The Queen, accompanied by Lady Ann Hamilton and the Hon. Keppel Craven, left (November, 1820) Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith, with an escort of some hundred and fifty mounted gentlemen. Throughout the densely crowded route the greatest enthusiasm prevailed: white favours were very generally worn by the



DR. SHAW PREACHING.

ladies. On arrival at the Cathedral, the Queen was led by the Lord Mayor to her seat in the middle of the south side of the choir; the Lord Mayor sat opposite. Sixty ladies costumed in white received in the choir Queen Caroline, who wore a pelisse of white silk trimmed with fur. The Morning Service was read, and at two o'clock the procession re-formed.

In connection with the Paul's Cross sermons a fund was established, and at one time each preacher received the sum of forty-five shillings for his sermon, while for several days he was freely entertained "with sweet and convenient lodging, fire, candle, and all other necessities." The house of entertainment—the Shunamite House—was in Watling Street. Izaak Walton, in his "Life of Richard Hooker," tells of Hooker's arrival at this abode, about the year 1581, preparatory to preaching at Paul's Cross; how he reached the house in a sorry plight, "so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten"; how he took a cold, but was cured by the wife of the keeper of the house, one John Churchman, sometime a draper of note. Mrs. Churchman persuaded him that his was a tender constitution, and should be cared for by one who would be to him both nurse and wife. In short, the disinterested mother recommended her daughter Joan. The guileless Hooker married Joan—a very contentious lady with neither beauty nor portion—but (as Izaak Walton puts it) he had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth; indeed, he had just cause to say with the holy prophet, "Woe is me that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!"

At the Restoration the Paul's Cross sermons, with their endowments, were removed to the Cathedral itself; and in the present day to the Sunday morning preachers they still belong.

The exact site of the Cross was discovered in 1879 by Mr. F. C. Penrose, the Cathedral architect, when the burial-ground was being transformed into

the present garden. At the north-east corner of the Churchyard, six feet below the surface, he came upon the old stone basement, octagonal in form, and the site (near the modern drinking-fountain) is now marked by a stone slab level with the asphalt path. On this spot, where so many scenes of historic interest have been enacted, the City clerk and the postman now while away a spare half-hour; and the Cathedral pigeons, fed by the children, bravely strut over the once-famous meeting-place of Paul's Cross.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AS SHE APPEARED AT ST. PAUL'S ON THE OCCASION OF THE THANKSGIVING FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMADA.

## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Two Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul have occupied the site of the present building; the first was built about the year 607, by Ethelbert, King of Kent, and Augustine himself consecrated Mellitus bishop of the see. But a disastrous fire in 1087 reduced the building to ruins.

The erection of the second Cathedral was thereupon begun by Bishop Maurice. In 1136 a fire seriously damaged the fabric, but the progress of the work continued. Not, however, until the early part of the fourteenth century was the building completed. It measured (approximately) 600 feet in length, 100 feet in breadth, 490 feet in height, and its walled enclosure possessed six gates. The lofty spire shown in contemporary drawings was thrice struck by lightning, and destroyed by fire in 1561. In the choir was the famous shrine of St. Erkenwald, enriched with gold, silver, and precious stones; valuable gifts were made to it, and for many ages the pious came hither. Dr. Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, and Vandyck, the painter, were among those buried in the Cathedral. Part of the crypt was used as the Parish Church of St. Faith; in the north-west corner of the precincts the Bishop of London



QUEEN ELIZABETH GOING TO ST. PAUL'S, NOV. 24, 1588, TO RETURN THANKS FOR THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.





THE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S ON THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE KING, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1789.



THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION IN ST. PAUL'S ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1789, TO CELEBRATE THE KING'S RECOVERY.

had his palace; and close to the south wall of the building stood the Church of St. Gregory.

The central aisle of the Cathedral was known as "Paul's Walk." Young gallants ("Paul's Walkers") made it their promenade. Lawyers and licensed scribes were here to be met with, and servants could be

the porch, and the nave became a cavalry-barracks. In the year 1666 the Great Fire of London laid the Cathedral in ruins.

The foundation-stone of the present building—the third St. Paul's—was laid by its architect, Christopher Wren, on June 21, 1675, and the first service (commemorating the Peace of Ryswick) held on Dec. 2, 1697.



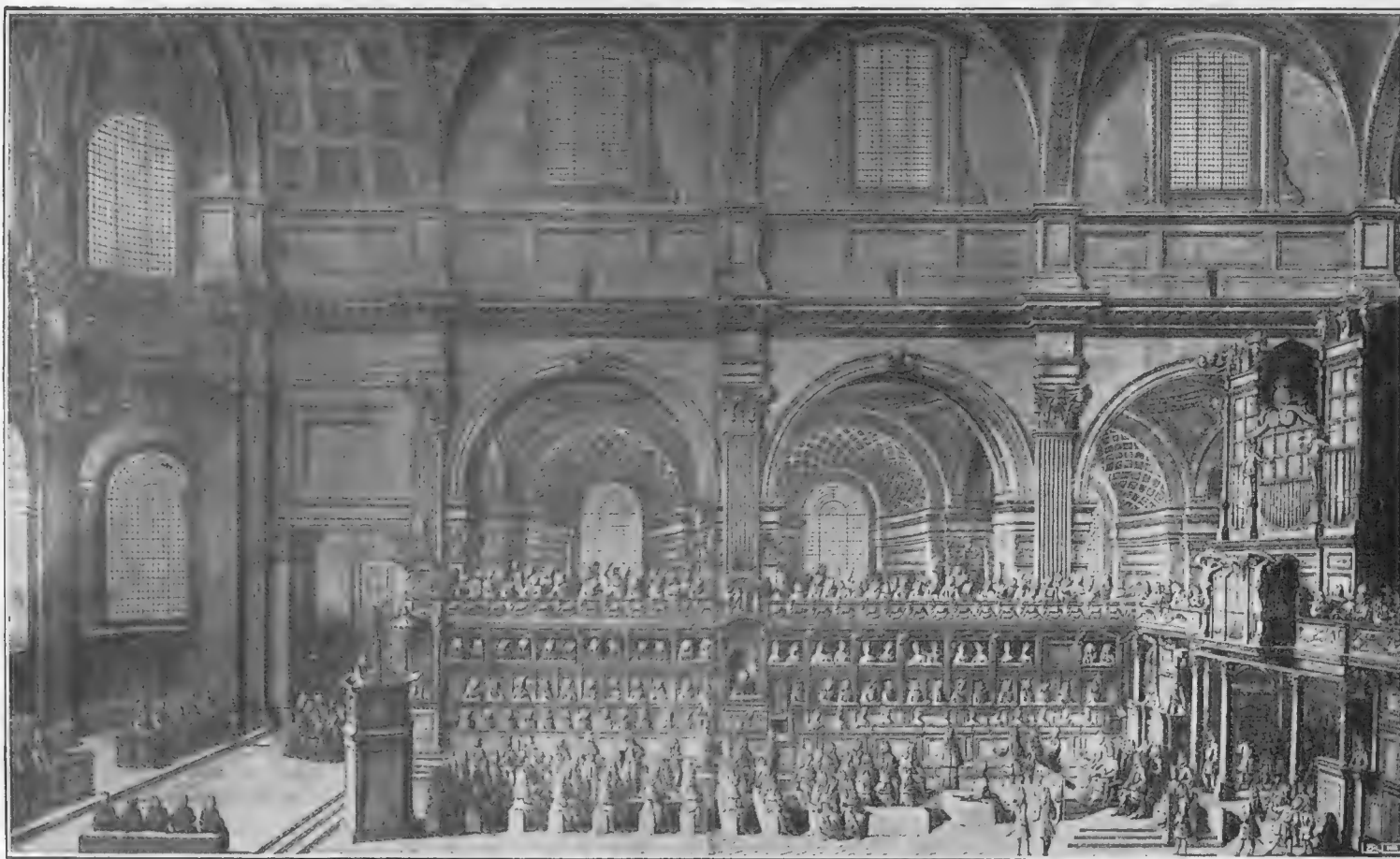
QUEEN CAROLINE GOING IN STATE TO ST. PAUL'S, NOV. 20, 1820.

hired at the "serving-man's pillar." Goods were here bartered; the font served as a money-counter, and coal-porters, butchers, and water-carriers made the place a thoroughfare.

In its later days the Cathedral fell into a ruinous state, but some efforts in the way of restoration were made by Charles I. and Bishop Laud. Inigo Jones was appointed architect, and designed in 1633 a portico of fine proportions for the western end. But under the Commonwealth the work of restoration was stopped: hucksters' stalls now filled

The year 1710 witnessed the completion of the Cathedral, the final stone of which was then laid by the architect's son. The building measures 515 feet in length, 250 feet from transept to transept, and 365 feet from base to summit. Its total cost may be estimated at about one million sterling.

Sir Christopher Wren died in 1723, and his body lies within a modest tomb in the crypt of the Cathedral—"Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice."



THE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S ON THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING OF DEC. 31, 1706, QUEEN ANNE AND BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BEING PRESENT





A FREAK OF FASHION.

PHILANTHROPIC DIVINE: May I beg of you to accept this good little book? Take it home and read it attentively—I am sure it will benefit you.

LADY: Bless me, Sir; you're mistaken! I am not a social evil; I am only waiting for a 'bus!

## THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

The Queen's partiality for living in Scotland is notorious; it has been the subject of many a satirical remark and, let us admit, not a little envy on the part of the English people. Her Majesty spends, on an average, four out of the twelve months of the year at Balmoral—a month in early summer, generally June, and the three autumn months, September to November. It was at Balmoral that the Tsar visited the Queen last year, and among other royal visitors to her Majesty's "Highland home" have been the Shah of Persia, the late German Emperor, the King of the Belgians, and the ex-Empress Eugénie. Of minor celebrities the name is legion. Balmoral, as all the world now knows, is situated in Aberdeenshire, in the mountainous region of Upper Deeside, and not many miles from the "dark Lochnagar," whose "steep, frowning glories" were extolled by Byron—indeed, the Balmoral estate now includes one side of this mountain, which, though by no means the

Though her visits to Scotland are now strictly confined to journeying to Balmoral and back, her Majesty has in her time traversed a large portion of the country. The accompanying caricatures are more or less reminiscent of some of her earlier visits. The Queen's first tour in Scotland was made, in company with Prince Albert, in September 1842. Embarking on board the royal yacht *Royal George* at Woolwich on Monday, Aug. 29, the Queen and the Prince landed at Granton Pier on Thursday, Sept. 1. They arrived a day late, having been expected on the Wednesday. Her Majesty's journal chronicles annoyance and vexation at the slowness of the voyage. There is also this suggestive entry: "We remained on deck all day (Tuesday) lying on sofas; the sea was very rough towards evening, and I was very ill." At Granton her Majesty was received by the Duke of Buccleuch and Sir Robert Peel, and drove round the outskirts of Edinburgh to the Duke's residence, Dalkeith House. According to the account of "a special correspondent" of the time, "Her Majesty wore a pink bonnet, and, though somewhat



A HIGHLAND REEL ON BOARD THE "ROYAL GEORGE."



ROYAL SCOTCH PATRONAGE.



PLANTING THE ROYAL OAK.

THE QUEEN: There, Albert, how d'ye think I handle the spade? Now, Sir Robert, a little water to settle the earth, and long may the Royal Oak be Scotland's pride. Why, Al., you seem quite out o' breath.

PRINCE ALBERT: Eh, mine loaf, I should no'd like to get min' usin' in dis way; de work is too hart for min' constitution.

—: My Laird, I dinna think his Highness is pleased with hard work, so we had better make him a Doctor of Laws.



THE RETURN FRA THE NORTH.

THE QUEEN: Well, Al., now for home. We have had a delightful trip, and shall have plenty to laugh at for some time.

PRINCE ALBERT: Yes, my love; and dis Scotch fiddle vat I have got vill amuse me vera moch in de vintare evening.

SIR R. PEEL: Very glad to get out of this. I can see I am no favourite.

A FEMALE: I have got a bottle of real Glenlivet on purpose for his little Royal Highness to taste.

CROWD: Ech, Sirs! we'll hae a gude time noo.

highest, is certainly the most picturesque on Deeside. The Queen first visited Balmoral in 1848, partly on the suggestion of the then Earl of Aberdeen (the Earl who was subsequently Premier), but largely on the recommendation of the late Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, who had a high opinion of the salubrity of the region. From tenant of Balmoral, the Queen soon became proprietor; the present Castle was built by her in 1854-5, and extensive additions have since been made to the estate, which now includes the magnificent pine-forest of Ballochbuie. Her Majesty's two books, "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" and "More Leaves," are full of laudatory allusions to Balmoral. "Every year" (this was written on Oct. 13, 1856) "my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise." Not a little that is interesting in the domestic history of the royal family centres round Balmoral; in its neighbourhood the "declarations" were made that secured the Princess Royal and the Princess Louise their respective husbands.

more pale than I expected, has an interesting and prepossessing countenance. The Prince is a handsome and manly-looking youth." The royal visit created an excitement in the Northern capital unequalled since the visit of George IV. twenty years before, and the excitement was not confined to Edinburgh. People flocked into the city from all parts of the country, and it was computed that the ordinary population was augmented by fully a hundred thousand strangers when the Queen landed. Such an accession of visitors would hardly be noteworthy to-day, but in 1842 it was regarded as a "record," and justifiably so, bearing in mind that railways were only in their infancy, and that other modes of locomotion were few and slow. It is curious, indeed, to read that large numbers arrived by sea, steamers bringing huge contingents not only from Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, and the North, but from Stirling and Berwick, and even from Newcastle and London.

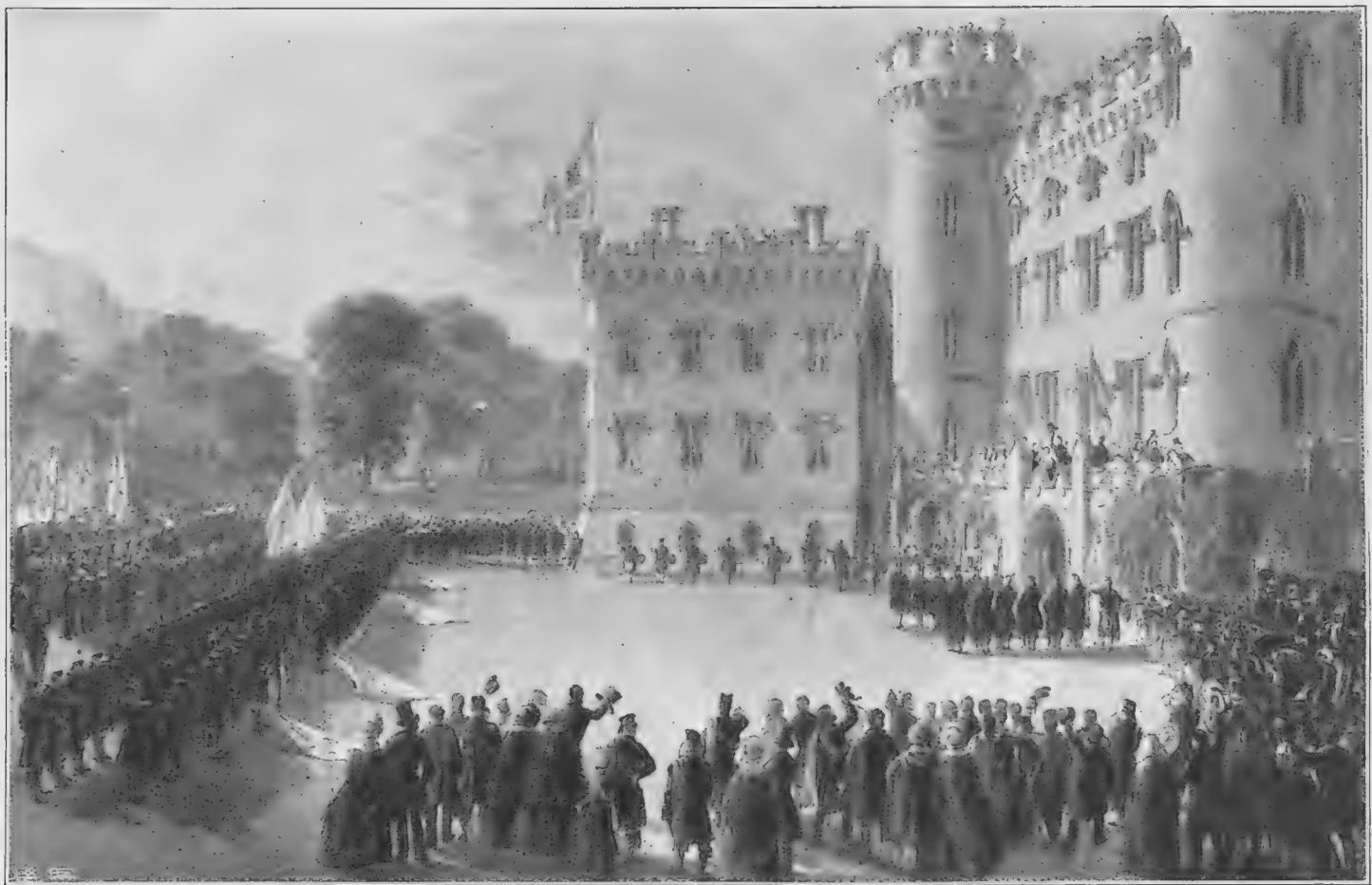
A kind of "state" visit was made by the Queen and Prince Albert



to Edinburgh on the Saturday. One regrettable feature of it is partly indicated in one of the illustrations. In the re-embarkation depicted in Figure 4, Sir Robert Peel is made to ejaculate, "Very glad to get out of this. I can see I am no favourite." As a matter of fact, Sir Robert was rudely hissed in the streets of Edinburgh. The *Scotsman* of the day thus describes the incident: "Sir Robert Peel was loudly hissed, and looked pale and haggard." His carriage halted four or five minutes directly opposite our windows, while the keys were presented to her Majesty by the Lord Provost, and we had the best opportunity of observing him. During this interval the storm of hooting, hissing, and groaning ran so high, and was so feebly counteracted by the cheers of his friends and partisans, that we were afraid personal violence might be offered to him." The *Scotsman* very properly declared this exhibition of feeling in bad taste and regrettable, but it candidly declared that it was not surprised at the statesman being hissed and groaned at, and there is no difficulty to-day in arriving at the reason for this unpleasant demonstration. Sir Robert Peel was, of course, Prime Minister at the time—Prime Minister of a Tory Administration—and in that capacity was doubtless obnoxious to the populace of Edinburgh, then extremely Radical. The Free Trade agitation was at its height, and it was in that very year, 1842, that Sir Robert introduced his unpopular "sliding scale" project. This is humorously hit off in Figure 1, where

The edifice was extended and improved in 1820, and the west wing was added in 1842, in anticipation of the royal visit, the castle now forming one of the most complete baronial residences in Scotland. Here her Majesty received a truly Highland welcome. "There were," she writes, "a number of Lord Breadalbane's Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane himself in a Highland dress at their head, a few of Sir Neil Menzies' men (in the Menzies red-and-white tartan), a number of pipers playing, and a company of the 92nd Highlanders, also in kilts. The firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic."

Taymouth was left on the following Saturday (Sept. 10), and before leaving the Queen and the Prince planted a couple of trees each—a fir and an oak. The departing guests were rowed up Loch Tay, and were then driven through Glen Dochart and Glen Ogle to Loch Earn Head, and from there through St. Fillans, Comrie, and Crieff to Drummond Castle, Lord Willoughby de Eresby's property; the family title is now Earl of Ancaster. While he was Lord Willoughby's guest,



THE RECEPTION OF THE QUEEN AT TAYMOUTH CASTLE.  
FROM A DRAWING BY A. MACLURE.

the Premier is made to say, when invited by the Queen to join in a Scots reel—"Confound the rheumatism! What am I to do? I would much rather Her Majesty had introduced a *sliding scale* than a Scotch dance." The Scots people, unfortunately, have never learned to subordinate their politics to politeness. Sir Walter Scott himself, popular and esteemed as he was, was hissed at an Anti-Reform meeting at Jedburgh in 1831; and only a few years ago a carriage in which Lord Salisbury was seated was pelted by a mob in a town in the West of Scotland.

After a few days spent at Dalkeith, the Queen and the Prince visited Scone Palace, near Perth, where the ancient Kings of Scotland were crowned. The palace is the seat of the Earl of Mansfield, and this venerable peer—he is now ninety-one—is the sole survivor of her Majesty's hosts during her first visit to Scotland. A night only was spent at Scone, and on Wednesday, Sept. 7, the royal couple drove to Dunkeld, and then on past Aberfeldy to Taymouth Castle, Lord Breadalbane's seat. The castle is a magnificent building, occupying a picturesque situation near the end of Loch Tay and the emergence of the river, here little more than a stream. Burns, who visited Taymouth in the course of his Highland tour, was enchanted with the scene and eulogised it in the verses he wrote in the inn at Kenmore—

The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride;  
The Palace rising on its verdant side;  
The lawns, wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;  
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste.

Prince Albert was initiated in deer-stalking in his lordship's deer-forest of Glenartney, immortalised in the opening canto of "The Lady of the Lake": it was "in lone Glen Artney's hazel shade" that Fitz-James's pursuit of the stag began. The royal visit to Scotland on this occasion lasted exactly a fortnight, the Queen and the Prince embarking at Granton on Sept. 15.

A second visit was paid in September 1844, when Blair Castle, Blair Athole, was placed at the disposal of the Queen and the Prince Consort by Lord and Lady Glenlyon, afterwards Duke and Duchess of Atholl—the Duchess, an old and valued friend of her Majesty, died a few weeks ago.

Three years later—in August and September 1847—the Queen and the Prince enjoyed a cruise on the west coast. Among the visits paid was one to the Duke of Argyll, at Inveraray, on which occasion the Queen wrote a description of a future son-in-law that has, in a sense, become famous: "Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child." Staffa and Iona were visited, and, landing at Fort William, the Queen and Prince Albert drove to Arderikie, on the shores of Loch Laggan, then the property of Lord Abercorn, staying there for a day or two, and with this visit the third tour of the royal pair in Scotland terminated, to be followed next year by the first visit to Balmoral.



THE QUEEN AS A CHILD.

BEING PORTRAITS OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A.





SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER.

BEING PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN AND HER GREAT-GRANDSON, PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDF, ISLE OF WIGHT.

## THE QUEEN'S OLDEST COLONY.

## THE CABOTS AND OLD BRISTOL.

It is a curious coincidence that, while we are all praising the progress of the Victorian Era, we should also be called upon to celebrate the beginning of that expansion which has made Britain to-day rule the waves. It was on June 24, 1497, that John Cabot, aboard the good ship *Matthew*, of Bristol, first sighted Newfoundland, and from that day dates the right of the Anglo-Saxon on the American continent. Naturally enough, the town of Bristol is now celebrating not only the Victorian



INVITATION TO THE CABOT CELEBRATION.

four hundred years after the event, people on both sides of the Atlantic have with one consent determined to make up for the delay, and have arranged plans for doing tardy honour to the bold Bristol navigators whose journey was fraught with such important issues. In this movement Americans, in London and in the States, have exhibited an interest, and in Canada and in Bristol the subject has received a great deal of attention. As a consequence, more has been heard of the Cabots than ever before. The fact that there were several members of the family whose names appear in old records has given rise to perplexity. Bristolians had, until quite recently, awarded the chief measure of credit to Sebastian, the son, and had done this no doubt because they believed that individual was born in their city. Investigation has shaken that theory, and Sebastian, who committed the unpardonable offence of having two birthplaces, has been of late rather severely handled by those who have gone into his history. To-day the tendency is to relegate the son Sebastian to an inferior position in the story, and to divide the glory between the father, John Cabot, the Bristol sailors who so pluckily sailed with him into the unknown, and the Bristol merchants who appear to have backed the enterprise. Thus people's thoughts have been thrown back to the Bristol of four centuries ago, to days when, in shipping matters, the port stood second only to London, and when voyages of exploration and adventure were frequent occurrences.

Important as it was relatively, the Bristol of the year 1497 was a tiny place, surrounded by strong walls, and overshadowed by the massive architecture of Bristol Castle. The position of the water-courses around the city added much to its defensive strength, and this had been subjected to a severe test a considerable while before the Cabots appeared on the scene. The incident is of use, too, as showing the sturdy spirit which animated the inhabitants as far back as the time of Edward II., and to what lengths they were ready to go to defend what they believed to be their rights. There had arisen a disturbance over a claim on the part of fourteen of the principal burgesses to assume collection and management of the town dues; one of them had been four times mayor, and must have had great influence, and they were supported in the demand by the Constable of the Castle. There were two or three other issues involved, and feeling ran very high. The King sent down commissioners to effect a settlement, but the people resented greatly the intervention of "foreigners" in their affairs, broke into the Guildhall where the commissioners had met, and fought with fists and sticks with such mad fury that "nearly twenty men" were killed on the spot, and so great was the terror of those in the building that many jumped from the windows and got much injury thereby. The rebellious party built a wall and forts in the city, and for two years defied all attempts to



SEBASTIAN CABOT, THE SON OF THE DISCOVERER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

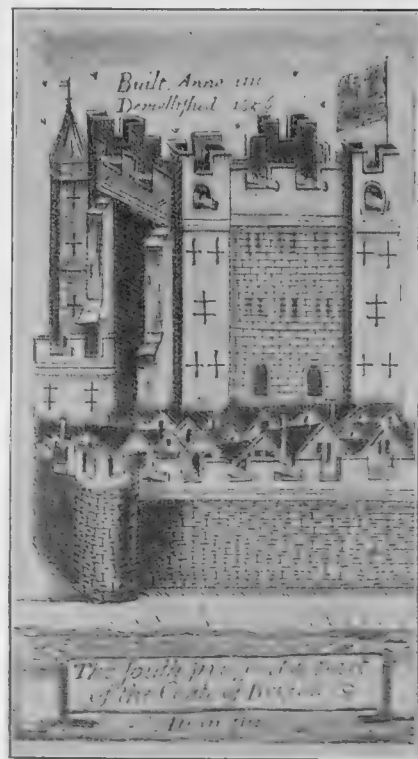
Era, but also this great event in its history as a port, and it behoves every Englishman to extend his enthusiasm over to-day to the beginning of that vast Empire which makes the Record Reign so much more than a mere tale of length of years.

Cabot's was a notable achievement. Sometimes great deeds have to wait long for recognition (Henry VII. gave the explorer but a paltry £10 for discovering the "new isle"), and now,

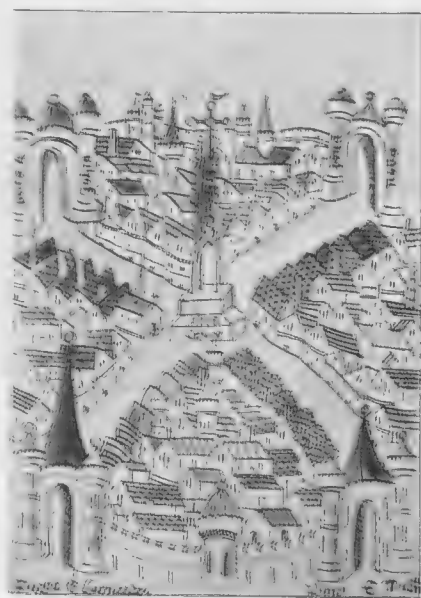
enforce royal authority. In the end the town was regularly besieged, and only when its citizens found the battering-rams shaking the walls of their houses did they surrender, and by a money payment to the King purge the offence. The houses were largely of wood and plaster-work, the streets were narrow, and much of the traffic in them was by means of sledges. It so happened that, contemporaneous with the Cabots, Bristol had a Town Clerk, Robert Ricart, who, in addition to recording notable events in the Mayor's calendar, left for the edification of those who came after him a pictorial map of Bristol, showing the four principal streets, with the High Cross at their point of convergence, and also four gates of the old town. These were St. Nicholas, St. Leonard, St. John, and New Gate. St. John is the only one remaining *in situ*, and, although a picturesque relic of days gone by, is a sad hindrance to the great traffic of a modern city. This famous Bristol cross marked one of the most important epochs in its history, the separation of the town from Somersetshire on the one hand, and Gloucestershire on the other, and its formation into a city and county for ever. As the result of this, Bristol enlarged its borders, and the city which sent out the Cabot expedition included the important burghs of Temple and also that of Redcliff on the other side of the Avon, where opulent merchants resided, not far from the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliff. There are, by the way, in this edifice, supported upon a bracket, two large pieces of bone, which legend says were parts of a whale brought home by Sebastian Cabot from one of his North Sea voyages. Another legend connected the relics with the mythical Dun Cow of Dunsmore Heath. This animal, according to the fable, altogether surpassed modern breeds in the supply of milk, which was, in fact, inexhaustible. But there were limits to the endurance even of a phenomenal Dun Cow, and when an old lady who had filled her pail tried also to fill her sieve, bovine patience was exhausted, and the animal went raging over the heath, where Sir Guy Warwick killed it. These bones in Redcliff have, however, been pronounced to be the ribs of a whale, so that the latter legend is quite disposed of and the former "holds the field."

Bristol Bridge, which connected the older town with Redcliff, was a peculiar structure, shown in the oldest pictures as lined on both sides by tall houses and having a church built over the roadway. Tradition has it that now and then inhabitants in the lower rooms of these dwellings were startled by the sudden appearance of a vessel's bowsprit poking through the board floor which alone separated the apartment from the water. The river had been made navigable as far as Bath, and regular traffic was carried on between the two cities in wine, wax, salt, wool, skins, and cloth. Prices in the fifteenth century sound strange in our ears. In 1424 wine was quoted at twopence a quart; two sacks of coal cost twopence, and two pounds of candles the same amount.

In the matter of dress, the townfolk—at any rate, ladies—were given to display, and there is a curious testimony to this in a manuscript dated 1490: "The King and Lord Chancellor came to Bristol and lodged at St. Augustine's, and the commons were made to pay twenty shillings for every one of them that was worth twenty pounds, because their wives went so sumptuously apparelled." Investigation has rather cast doubt on the theory that they spent such excessive sums on grand finery as some have supposed; but every now and then they certainly made remarkable preparations for doing honour to some deceased notable. In



TOWER OF BRISTOL CASTLE.



BRISTOL ACCORDING TO RICART, 1490.



the year that the letters patent were granted to the Cabots to make voyages of exploration (1495) there was one of these big funeral processions, no less than two hundred (one historian says two thousand) men, clad in black going to the outskirts to meet "the dead corpse" of Jasper, Duke of Bedford, who had died at Thornbury. It was a brave show, and elicited warm thanks from the monarch. Trade guilds were numerous and powerful, and the business of the merchants with foreign markets considerable. Columbus noted the Bristol trade with Iceland, and much intercourse with the Continent brought great wealth to Bristol coffers.

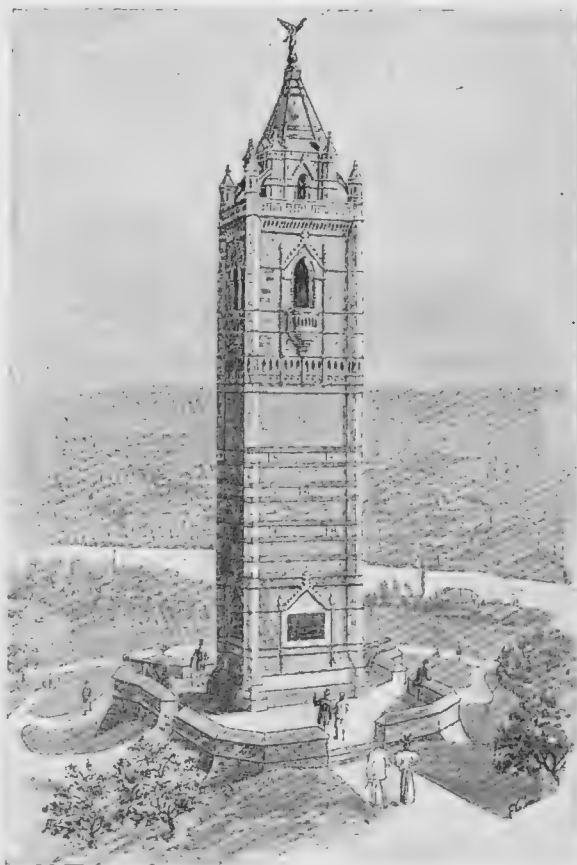
One of the finest church-towers in the West of England, that of St. Stephen's, represents in a restored form the generosity of a Bristolian of those days, John Shipward, six times Mayor. Temple Tower, too, was rebuilt about the same time, and it is interesting because it now leans four feet out of the perpendicular. William Canynges (whose brother was Lord Mayor of London) was another great man of the period, and, besides his gifts to Redcliff Church and other objects, there is a curious incident connected with his history which is worth mentioning. He had buried his wife, whom he dearly loved, and "was moved by the King (Edward IV.) to marry another wife." To avoid obeying the royal wish, Canynges, the opulent merchant, turned priest, and subsequently was Dean of the Monastery at Westbury, near the city, and became a great benefactor to the institution. Robert Strange, another of Bristol's Mayors, had "twelve ships at one time." It was not all plain sailing in those days for shipowners, and not only had foreign foes to be encountered, but attacks from pirates, who lay in wait in the Severn, and made matters awkward for vessels coming within range of their attack. But this sort of thing all came within the recognised risks of business, and probably Bristolians were none too particular when it suited their purpose to be the aggressors, for the standard of ethics of that time was tolerably elastic. The Town Clerk, Ricart, has preserved a characteristic record of the civic amusements of the Cabot period. From his account we can picture the Chief Magistrate and members of the close Corporation attending church on festival days, and following their worship by "drinkings,

with spices, cake-bread, and divers sorts of wine, the cups being sent merrily round." For a change they watched the performances of players, probably weavers, who were rewarded by drink. On St. Nicholas Day the Corporation went to St. Nicholas', heard Mass, received the Bishop's blessing, and afterwards assembled for dinner, and, while waiting the coming of the Bishop, amused themselves by playing dice. "It was the business of the Town Clerk to find the dice, and for every raffle he received a penny." The Mayor sat daily at "The Counter" (a local Court), "to hear complaints between parties," so that the office was no sinecure. Every year leaves fewer of the relics of the Bristol of that interesting and adventurous age. Of the Castle not a trace will be seen by the ordinary tourist, but there are two rather fine chambers with vaulted and ribbed roofs still existing. In one, rooms have been erected, and it thus constitutes a tenement occupied by poor people; the second was quite recently occupied as a stable and hay-store.

The Bristol Mint of the Cabot period remains one of the finest examples of domestic architecture that the West of England affords. Parts have been rebuilt, however, and, after a great variety of uses, it has long been the headquarters of the Ancient Incorporation of the Poor, and is known as St. Peter's Hospital. Redcliff Church has gained rather than lost anything of its beauty as centuries have passed by, and the artistic Norman carving in the Abbey gateway, St. Augustine's, is in admirable preservation. Many of the old streets, with their overhanging and bulging houses, have gone, but enough remain to stimulate the imagination in picturing the Bristol known to the Cabots.

The handsome monument celebrating the memorable voyage is being erected on Brandon Hill, an eminently suitable spot, rising sharply to a considerable height,

close to the centre of the city, and affording extensive panoramic views. So steep is its ascent and so conical its shape that people now and again have been firmly impressed with the idea it is of volcanic origin, and one prophet of evil of the olden days used to predict the disaster which would follow renewed eruptive activity. On the spot there stood four hundred years ago a tiny chapel dedicated to St. Brenda.



MONUMENT ON BRANDON HILL.



ST. STEPHEN'S TOWER.

Photo by Harvey Barton, Bristol.



THE MINT (NOW ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL).

Photo by Harvey Barton, Bristol.

## THE QUEEN'S BRIDESMAIDS.

If anything were needed to throw the long life of the Queen into striking relief, it is the fact that only two of the twelve noble maidens who figured as bridesmaids to her Majesty on the auspicious 10th of February, 1840, remain with us to-day to note the triumph of the record reign.

The wedding-day ought of course to have been favoured with good weather, but it rained heavily at times. At a quarter to twelve

St. James's, and the band played the appropriate tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Soon after him came the Queen, to the beating of drums and the sound of trumpets.

One of the surviving bridesmaids is Lady Catherine Lucy Wilhelmine Stanhope, the daughter of Lord Stanhope. She married Lord Dalmeny, the father of Lord Rosebery, in 1842, and the Duke of Cleveland (who died six years ago) in 1854. The other is Lady Jane Bouverie, a daughter of the Earl of Radnor, who married, in 1847, Mr. William Ellice.



LADY CATHERINE LUCY WILHELMINE STANHOPE, NOW THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

Prince Albert's procession started, to be followed soon after by that of the Queen. She was accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, with the Duchess of Sutherland in attendance, and wore a magnificent robe of white satin with a trimming of Honiton lace. The train was of the same material, and was trimmed with orange-blossoms, while on her head she wore a chaplet of the same flower, and a lace veil flowing back over her shoulders and showing her face. The satin had been made in Spitalfields, and the lace, which had employed two hundred persons for eight months and through a hard winter, came from a village near Honiton. At twenty minutes past twelve the Prince arrived at

Their sister bridesmaids are no more. Every few years, as you will see by this list, one or two of them have dropped off—

Lady Eleanor Paget, daughter of second Marquis of Anglesey; married 1847 Sir Sandford Graham; died 1848.

Lady Sarah Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey; married 1842 Prince Nicholas Esterhazy; died 1853.

Lady Ida Hay, daughter of the Earl of Erroll; married 1841 the Earl of Gainsborough; died 1867.

Lady Mary Grimston, daughter of the Earl of Verulam; married 1840 the Earl of Radnor; died 1879.



Lady Frances Cowper, daughter of Earl Cowper; married 1841 Viscount Jocelyn; died 1880.  
 Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; married 1849 the Earl of Bessborough; died April 1890.  
 Lady Adelaide Paget, daughter of first Marquis of Anglesey; married 1851 the Hon. F. W. Cadogan; died August 1890.  
 Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle; married 1840 the Rev. Francis Grey; died 1891.  
 Lady Elizabeth Sackville-West, daughter of Earl De La Warr; married 1844 the Duke of Bedford; died 1897.

our attire, all was simple and plain in the chapel. There were no ballroom-like decorations, no glitter or pomp, ecclesiastical or otherwise, no light but that from Heaven. But there was calm seriousness, deep, tender interest, and a reverent hush, save the reading of the Prayer-Book service. The great Lady—the very great Lady—knelt, visibly trembling, before the Communion-rails, and a noble woman and a noble man were joined together in holy matrimony and by the bond of a consecrated love.

After the ceremony the bridesmaids went into a room with only her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and there the Queen handed to each a



LADY JANE BOUVERIE, NOW LADY JANE ELLICE.

Lady Mary Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk; married 1849 Lord Foley; died 1897.

Lady Jane Ellice contributes to the current number of the *Cornhill Magazine* a charmingly unaffected account of the momentous ceremony—

How simple our dress was! (she writes). A double skirt of white tulle over white silk, the upper one looped up on one side and fastened by a large white rose with green leaves, similar to the one worn on the head, though maybe bigger. They were placed on the right side of those who were to walk on the left, and on the left side of the six on the opposite side of the train. . . . Like

dark-blue velvet case containing a brooch in the form of an eagle with outstretched wings. The body was studded with turquoises, the eyes were rubies, and each claw held a large pearl. The Queen signed the register as Alexandrina Victoria Guelph, and the Prince Consort as Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel Busici. Among the thirty witnesses was the Duke of Wellington, whose signature appears in the attestation of the Queen's birth, and among all the famous men who were present no one was more warmly received by the crowd than the ever-popular Iron Duke.

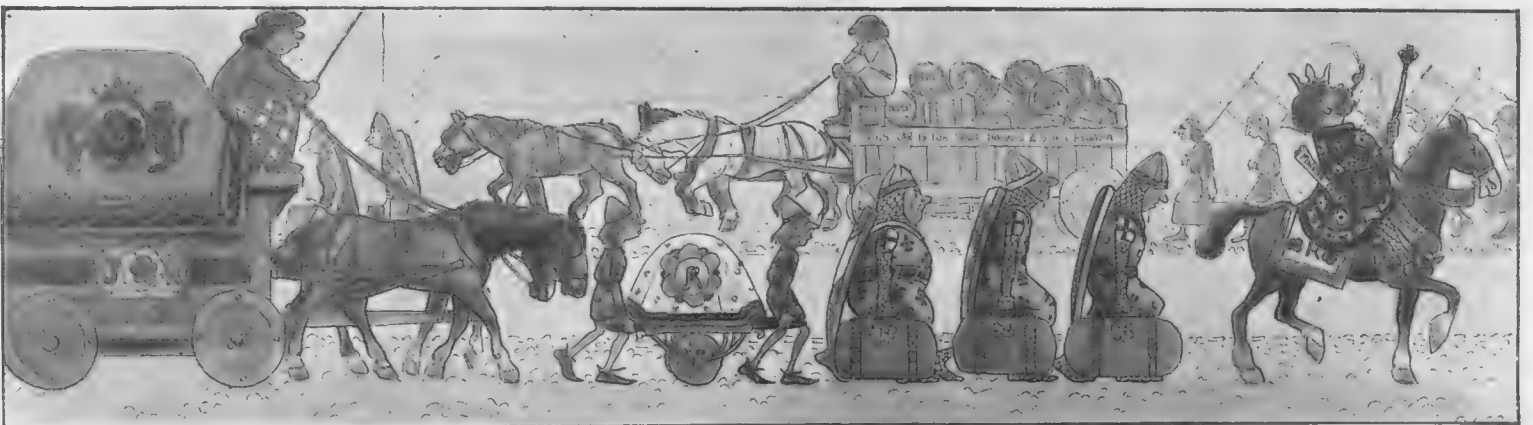


*It is not recorded or generally shown, How William the First, as the Conqueror known, Practised coconut shying on Hastings beach, Allowing his nobles six shies apiece: Three shies a penny—six shies each. How, during a game, the Duke gave a fall To Harold the Brave with a coconut ball; Though both were*



*well mounted—in armour, of course, When Harold was bowled from his fiery war-horse; And his knights likewise suffered considerable loss. Our forefathers did some very strange things, And coconut shying was favoured by Kings, Who, like our prizefighters, oft battled in rings; At least, so the bard of this Jubilee sings.*

#### THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.



*King John appears to have experienced a rough journey on his way to Newark, when (as historians inform us), crossing the sands of the Wash, a sudden rising of the tide nearly overwhelmed him and his escort. He escaped with great difficulty, after beholding his rear-guard, with all his baggage, treasures, plate, and regalia, swallowed*



*up before his eyes. After such an adventure it is not surprising to read further that he ate too many peaches and drank too much cider; &c., when he arrived at the Convent of Swineshead.*

#### KING JOHN AND THE RISING OF THE WASH.





A JUBILEE PROCESSION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.



THE BEST STAND.





FIRST JUBILEE JOHNNY (*perspiring and dishevelled*): Why, Gussy, deah boy; what on earth are you doing?

SECOND JUBILEE JOHNNY (*calm and unruffled*): Can't afford a stand, and can't stand the squash. Rumples one's collar so. Just hired a barrel for the day, deah boy. Keeps the crowd off.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The enormous mass of Jubilee literature which has been turned out has absorbed the energies of a great many people, notably Sir Richard Temple, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Sir Walter Besant, Dean Farrar, and Mrs. Fawcett; and, strangely enough, it has been left to a Frenchman, M. Filon, as I noticed the other day, to tell the story of the Victorian stage. Similarly, a German has just written a book about English literature. This is "Geschichte der Englischen Litteratur," by Dr. Richard Wülker, who holds the chair of English Literature in the University of Leipzig. The book is really the first part of a monumental work on the development and history of European literature, which the Bibliographic Institute of Leipzig has undertaken. Dr. Wülker, like the late Dr. Ten Brink, has an intimate knowledge of our literature, and the task of surveying English letters could not have been entrusted to more worthy hands. His masterly treatment leaves nothing to be desired. He has traversed the whole range of our literature, from the earliest times to the latest works of the Victorian age. The earlier parts of the book have been

got even larger royalties than eighteenpence. Wait. Let us see what these writers will be earning in five years after this. When it is considered that most of our popular novelists are young men, the prospect does not seem to be very dazzling. The moral of the whole story is that writers of genius should never permit themselves to be driven or hurried. Into every book they write they should put their best work and thought, they should disdain to write padding, they should disdain to compile tit-bits of history and stick them in a slender framework of story. They should be content to give the public their best work, and only their very best work. In this way they will succeed. Their books will be remembered; they will not be mere phantasms of a season, but will take their place in English literature. I could a tale unfold if I were to give figures about the present sales of the early books of some of our popular writers. The books to all intents and purposes are already dead.

In "The Blackwood Group," Sir George Douglas's pleasant contribution to the "Famous Scots" Series (Oliphant), some once very famous figures are recalled to our memories, not too loudly to our literary suffrages; for the biographer is wise. Who now associates anything



THE LIBRARY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WOODBURY PERMANENT PHOTO PRINTING COMPANY.

quarried in the mines of the British Museum, and wherever possible he has gone to original sources. The work is divided into four literary epochs—(1) Celtic; (2) Anglo-Saxon; (3) Old English; (4) Modern English. In the last, the chapters on the development of the British drama and the novel, and the elements which led up to them, are among the best in the book. Professor Wülker's style is English rather than German in its conciseness. The illustrations, of which there are several hundred, are all good, especially the coloured plates of the manuscripts of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon period. At the present time there is no work in English which gives so complete an exposition of our national literature.

The earnings of authors have increased enormously during the reign. A novelist in the first rank can nowadays get about £10,000 in all for a novel. The sum is made up in this way: £2000 for English and American serial rights; eightpence of royalty on a hundred thousand copies sold in England and America brings £7500; the extra £500 may be made up by colonial sales and serial rights. I admit that very few have got so much as this, but I think that nobody will be able to get it by-and-by who does not limit himself to one book in three years. This will allow an average income of £3000 a-year, which is not so much when all is considered, and which yet can be earned by very, very few. I know this statement will be criticised. I shall be told of writers who have been able to sell two or three serials in a year, and who have

with the name of Thomas Hamilton; or who could read "Cyril Thornton"? In Scotland, I believe, "Mansie Wauch" is still read, but "Delta's" fame has died on this side the Border. Galt has recently been reissued in a fine edition, and has been the subject of many articles, so it would be heretical to count him among the dying, even the ailing reputations. It would be absurd, too, to deny the force of his portraiture and the cleverness of his methods. It is no lack of mental vigour, nor of imagination, the unsympathetic reader feels in him. But, somehow, he never made that universal appeal to hearts which would have broken down the barriers raised by his local and provincial topics. As for Christopher North, he is a great name. The writer is forgotten, but the man is not. In a lesser way, he has had the fortune of Johnson. We none of us read "Rasselas," but we know all about the author; and images of the enthusiasms, the eccentricities, the vitality of the man John Wilson rise up about us in Edinburgh streets to this day. The most living of all the Blackwood Group—as a writer—if it be not Galt, must be Miss Ferrier. Her tart wit, her acid observation of humanity, should, by all good rules, have killed her books by this time. Yet they are not dead. In his studies of the various Blackwood celebrities Sir George Douglas keeps an admirably judicial temper, never claiming the highest genius for them, and seeing the qualities that unfit most of them for our literary sympathies to-day. His appeal for our respectful interest in these lively ancestors is, therefore, the more likely to find response.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING IN THE REIGN.

The *Court Journal* notices that the Queen saw the Derby for the first time in 1840, when she stayed at Claremont. She drove from Buckingham Palace, and a great deal of anxiety was expressed lest the journey and the excitement of witnessing the scene on Epsom racecourse would break down her health, which at the time was far from satisfactory. But a night's rest at Claremont seems to have strengthened the Queen, and the excitement of watching the great race to have benefited her spirits. It is interesting to note that this was also the Prince Consort's first English race, and he is said to have been astonished at the way in which the jockeys trained down to such extremely light weights.

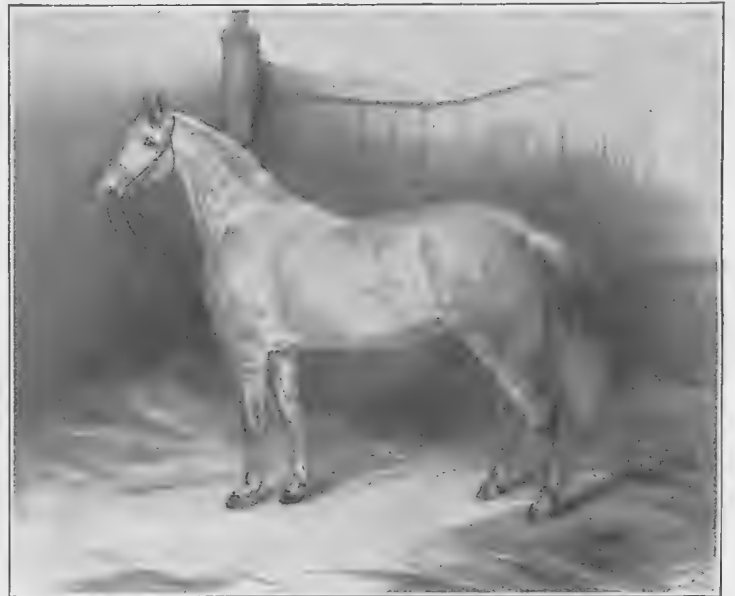
As in other spheres of national life, great changes have taken place in the racing world since the Queen ascended the throne sixty years ago. At that early period of the century the Sport of Kings cannot be said to have interested the masses; it was a purely aristocratic pastime, and there was more real sport attaching to the encounters that took place. The birth of commercialism was yet a long way off in the 'thirties; a gate-money or enclosed meeting was not even thought about, and, had it been, there is little doubt but that it would have been looked at askance. Now, such is the spirit of the age, the sport is looked upon by most of its votaries as a business. There are still a few noblemen and gentlemen who look upon it as a pastime pure and simple, but they are the great minority. They serve the good end, however, of preserving horse-racing from dwindling into such disrepute as now clings to cock-fighting, pedestrianism, and aquatics.

For all that, it would be impossible at this period for a four-year-old to take part in what is essentially the greatest race of the year—the Derby. Such a fraud as that recorded in 1843, when two horses a year older than the conditions of the race specified ran and were disqualified, would be impossible. This change is due more to the vigilance that is preserved by the Jockey Club than to anything else. For all their care, however, that august body remains to-day exactly where it was sixty years ago in relation to one thing—they will not recognise betting. Speculation as to the future is useless in the present state of public opinion, but it is possible that before many more years have rolled over our heads bookmakers will be subject to some control. In 1838 a professional bookmaker was a rare bird indeed, and he only came upon the scene when racing ceased to be the exclusive sport of noblemen and gentlemen. Some deplore this change, some put up with it, saying it can't be helped, and others regard it as the foundation-stone of the racing fabric.

Trainers, too, have changed. Instead of an ignorant, insular set of men, knowing nothing and caring nothing about anything except horses, have sprung up men who, while displaying as much keenness in their knowledge of the thoroughbred, take an interest in outside affairs. At present these form the younger race of trainers, and are mostly to be found at Newmarket; but there is no doubt they will, in time, entirely supplant the old school. Among jockeys and in their treatment a vast

during the months there is no riding to be done. The last big sum paid to a rider was six hundred pounds to N. Robinson for getting Clwyd home in the Jubilee Stakes, but this is by no means the largest amount that has passed between owner and jockey.

Among all the changes that have taken place the world-superiority of the English thoroughbred still remains. It was so in the 'thirties; it is so in the 'nineties. And this end has only been secured by the



PRINCESS VICTORIA'S MARE, ROSA.

friendly competition that exists on the Turf. The desire to win big races is a natural one in the minds of big owners, and they consequently have had recourse to horses of the best breeding to secure their end. More, they have taken over breeding themselves; thus we find most of the classic winners of recent years bred by their owners. It would be idle to compare the merits of Phosphorus and Galtee More, the first and last Derby winners of the reign—all that can be said of them is that they won the Blue Riband; but, to show how the value of a good horse has increased, Phosphorus was sold for one thousand pounds, and nearly thirty thousand pounds has been offered for Galtee More. Some of the record sales of the reign were Meddler, Common, Ormonde, Matchbox, Bona Vista, who all fetched high upon twenty thousand pounds. The most remarkable men of the reign were undoubtedly Admiral Rous and Lord George Bentinck. The former was the most eccentric and, at the same time, the most ideal handicapper we ever had. His note-book was famous from one end of the land to the other, and often he was justified in his handicapping men instead of horses. Lord George Bentinck was a reformer pure and simple. It was his especial part to find an abuse and remedy it, the greatest fraud he ever discovered having been the Running Rein case.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE SADDLE-HORSE, TARTAR.

Painted by S. Pearce, 1839.

change has occurred during the reign. It may be doubted whether present-day riders have advanced further in their art than Flatman, Day, and others who were prominent early in the century; but one thing is certain—that is, that they receive much greater remuneration. The practice of retaining jockeys and paying them large sums as fees is quite a modern one, and such is the handsome remuneration a good jockey can command that we find them able to live in perfect luxury

## THE DRAPERY GIRL.

I sing a song of a gentle maid,  
With figure neat and tapery,  
Who secured a place  
'Mid ribbons and lace,  
Assistant to the Drapery.  
I sing a song of a humble youth,  
With visions wild and vapoury,  
Who earned his bread  
By ruling in red  
And writing in black on papery.  
I sing a song of the love that bound  
(And hopeless all escapery)  
The hearts of the twain—  
The Dreamer vain,  
And the maid of Mantle and Capery.  
I sing a song of a Bridal Gown,  
To fit her beautiful shapery.  
Sing Hey! Sing Ho!  
For the maid's trousseau  
Was bought of the Dealer in Drapery.

Refrain: Sing Hey! for the Drapery Girl!  
The Ribbon and Tapery Girl!  
The Mantle and Capery,  
Velvet and Crapery,  
Wrap-it-in-papery,  
Drapery Girl!

HARRY PARR.

## SOME FAMOUS MILITARY BANDS.

Though music has doubtless been closely associated with warfare from the very earliest ages, it was not until the dawn of the seventeenth century that the civilised Powers of Europe began to regard the establishment of military bands as essential to the training of soldiers. During the Thirty Years' War, which raged in Central Europe from 1618 to 1648, the value of music on the march was amply demonstrated, and, indeed, was looked upon by many leaders as a species of impedimenta which might under no circumstances be dispensed with. At the close of the campaign the troops were not disbanded, according to the custom of the time, but remained in readiness under their respective Sovereigns. The attention of all the great European princes was thus turned to the drilling and training of the troops under their command, and it is not surprising, with the experience gained from the late war, that, almost without exception, they bestowed considerable attention on the formation of bands. Previous to this time drums and fifes were the only instruments used, but oboes and other instruments were now added, and the bandmen designated "oboe-ists." England, however, was at this period far behind the Continental nations in the subject of martial music. Always antagonistic to the maintenance of a standing army, she saw no reason



CAVALIERE ZAVERTAL, BANDMASTER OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.

for contributing towards the support of military bands, except those attached to the *corps d'élite*.

That the monetary grant was by no means adequate may be gathered from the fact that, in 1685, King Charles II., when authorising the "entertainment of twelve hautbois" in the companies of the King's Regiment of Foot Guards in London, "gave instructions that a fictitious name should be borne on each of the other companies of the regiment stationed in the country, with a view to granting the musicians higher pay." This method of support, though passing current in the reign of "the merry Monarch," would excite unlimited comment and censure if inserted in the Army Estimates of the present day.

At the Restoration in 1660, when Charles entered the City of London in triumph, the King's Life Guards, preceded by kettledrums and trumpets, headed the brilliant cavalcade. Four trumpeters and one kettledrummer were attached to each troop, and received remuneration at the rate of five shillings a day; but this small number of musicians was deemed insufficient by the King, who, in 1678, added to each troop two drummers and two hautbois.

The clothing worn by the bands on State occasions consisted of a velvet coat trimmed with silver and silk lace, embroidered with the royal cypher in front and behind; the cloaks were trimmed in a similar manner, and the trumpets decked with banners trimmed with a gold and silver fringe.

On the occasion of the marriage of George IV., 1775, the bands of both regiments of Life Guards were present at St. James's Palace and rendered selections of music. This would imply that a regular band had previously been formed in each of the regiments of Household Cavalry. Since then they have won honours too numerous to mention, notably when

assisting in 1851 at the first Grand Military Concert given in Great Britain, in conjunction with the bands of the Foot Guards and Royal Artillery. At present the band of the 1st Life Guards numbers twenty-three performers, that of the 2nd Life Guards twenty, and that of the Royal Horse Guards twenty-five. The respective bandmasters are Mr. J. Englefield, Mr. C. W. H. Hall, and Mr. Charles Godfrey.

In 1783 the bands of the three regiments of Foot Guards were each composed of eight performers—two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons. All the members were first-class musicians, but none were regular soldiers. They were hired from month to month for the purpose of playing the Guard from the Horse Guards Parade to St. James's Palace. Not being subject to military law, they could not be compelled to play at any other function. As this arrangement was by no means pleasing to the officers who supported the band, the hired

musicians were soon paid off, and their place filled by some Germans sent over from Hanover by the Duke of York, Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards. The last-named was the first to embrace the new arrangement.

Three "gentlemen of colour" were in addition employed to beat tambourines and carry a crescent. Since this period the bands of the Foot Guards have undergone many changes, but are still among the first in the kingdom. Every bandsman is enlisted in the same manner as an ordinary soldier, and is given an opportunity of earning much extra pay at theatres, exhibitions, and elsewhere. In fact, almost all the wind instruments in the orchestras of London theatres are played by bandmen of the Guards. When performing at any place of public entertainment a bandsman can earn from three to five pounds per week. The strength of the Grenadier band is fifty-two, that of the Coldstream forty-four, and the Scots Guards forty-three. They are conducted respectively by Mr. A. Williams, Mus.Bac., Mr. J. Rogan, and Mr. H. T. Dunkerton.

The nucleus of the Royal Artillery Band was formed in 1762, when eight musicians were engaged. These were ordered to wait upon the commanding officer "so often as he shall desire to have music, without any hope of gratification." The instruments then in use were the trumpet, French horn, bassoon, hautboy, and clarinet. They were provided by the regiment, and kept in repair by the head musician. In the early days of the band a somewhat stringent rule obtained, which decreed that any musician performing in an unsatisfactory manner should be discharged at his own expense. This arbitrary regulation had doubtless the desired effect of maintaining that high state of musical efficiency which has always characterised the bands of the Royal Artillery. In 1812 the band was increased to thirty-seven performers, and in 1856, chiefly through the energy of Mr. Smyth, then bandmaster, the establishment was raised to eighty men.

Two bands are now attached to the Royal Artillery, one at Aldershot, the other at Woolwich. The former is mounted, and led by Mr. H. Sims. The latter is conducted by Cavaliere L. Zavertal. CALLUM BEG.



MR. THOMAS, LATE OF THE COLDSTREAMS.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.



MR. DUNKERTON, OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is rather hard for the dispassionate mind to appreciate fully the importance attached by the British world in general to the present Jubilee. It is, no doubt, useful for a nation to commemorate something now and then, if only to be sure of its own corporate existence, and to convince itself that it has something to be proud of. It is one of the most merciful and beautiful characteristics of history—or legend—that every nation, even the newest and the smallest, can claim a modicum of glory for itself or its putative ancestors. The Greeks may not have done very well of late, but Thermopylæ is still there to show what Greeks could once do—and, in fact, Thermopylæ is a great deal too much there, for the Pass has expanded into a plain. Belgium can hook on to the glories of the great turbulent cities of Flanders; and, if its existence as a kingdom is little older than the Queen's reign, still Belgians believe that they won the battle of Waterloo; and beyond all doubt it was a Belgian who murdered Stokes. The Bulgarians are proud because they beat the Servians, and the Servians—no doubt they have something to be proud of, though I am not quite sure what it is.

could be done to help the business of the State, and—what is far harder—abstaining from much that she could do, and do well, lest jealousy and misunderstanding should result. Give the genius, it is a glorious existence to be Alexander of Macedon, and conquer the world in a few furious years. Most men can be great with great opportunities. In the French Revolution one often stands appalled at the contrast between the littleness of men and the greatness of the power that they swayed for a few days.

Loyalty now is not, and cannot be, the reverence or service paid to a person as a person. This is insecure at best, even towards a Napoleon. Loyalty is patriotism in another aspect, taking the Sovereign as the accepted representative of the State. This is the only modern basis for the monarchical principle. A hereditary King is the honorary chief of the nation, revered as the embodiment of the power and dignity of his people. It is not necessary that he should have much direct action upon Government. If he has talent, he will find out ways of influence for himself; if he has none, he still represents his nation, and the nation, in honouring him, respects itself. A republic has a serious disadvantage



THE CHAMBER WHERE THE JUBILEE PRESENTS ARE KEPT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WOODBURY PERMANENT PHOTO PRINTING COMPANY.

That is what a Jubilee means to us: a sort of national stock-taking, and recognition of the fact that we really are a nation with considerable traditions, and have had a very good Constitutional Sovereign for an unusual number of years, during which we have been, as times go, very prosperous. And, in spite of the Englishman's natural gift of grumbling, we are, on the whole, rather more comfortable now than we have been for more than a century. Anyone who asserts with conviction that we are conspicuously going to the dogs must be either a fool or a Fabian. The terms are not necessarily interchangeable.

I take it that the instinctive association of our sense of prosperity and comfort and confidence and progress with the person of the Queen is rightful as well as natural. The British Constitution, though its precise injunctions on many points are hazy, most certainly does all it can to prevent a Sovereign of England from taking a conspicuous personal part in government. Queen Elizabeth did many things that Queen Victoria could not do, as well as many that she would not do. But precisely because the share of the Sovereign in the business of the State is less direct, less ostentatious, does it deserve more respect and affection from her subjects. We see a widowed lady, encumbered with an enormous mass of routine business, going on steadily, doing all that

in not being able to honour its chief magistrate sufficiently. He is subject to the base accidents of election; he is required by the short-sighted economy of Democracy to take an active part in State business. Presidents are made; a King should be born.

But the modern sentiment of loyalty in civilised nations must not be taxed too much. The simple-hearted reverence of the Turkish or Russian peasant for Sultan or Tsar is extinct further West. The Sovereign is revered as the embodiment of national dignity; but he must not show incongruity with that dignity. The mere restless and undignified versatility of one European Sovereign, without any glaring blunder, has sufficed to shake the loyalty of his subjects very perceptibly. All the more happy is our condition in honouring the sixty years of a reign in which the Sovereign has never been in conflict with the feeling of the nation, and has never sunk below the dignity of a proud people, nor gone beyond the approval of a reserved people. It is not enough to be good; it is not even enough to be brave; it is necessary for a Sovereign never to be ridiculous. No one has accused the Queen; no one has ever frightened her; above all, no one has ever despised her. Therefore, God Save the Queen! and send us a better National Anthem to embody the sentiment! is the Jubilee toast of

MARMITON.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The bicycle gymkhana at the Royal Irish Constabulary Sports, held at Belfast the other day, was a novelty at athletic meetings, and the reception which greeted the performance must have repaid the ladies and gentlemen who took part in it for all the time and trouble which they



THE CYCLE GYMKHANA AT BELFAST.

took in perfecting the performance. Never before has such a large and fashionable crowd been seen at an athletic meeting at Belfast; and they were well catered for. The Royal Irish Constabulary have always made it a point to have some novelty. One year it was the renowned Zimmerman; a couple of years ago it was their tug-of-war team, known as the "Champions of the World." But probably the graceful display of cycling this year was the most successful of their ventures. The gymkhana was organised by Miss Bottomley, "captain" of the Ulster Wheel Club, assisted by Mr. Playfair.

A Paris correspondent writes—

The Course des Artistes, a fête organised by the *Echo de Paris*, the well-known boulevard journal, is an event as eagerly welcomed by the fashionable world as it is by the worlds of sport and of the theatre. Favoured by glorious weather, an immense crowd of thirty thousand people assembled on Friday week at Longchamps, the classic course for events of this kind. Order was maintained by one hundred and fifty policemen, thirty mounted Gardes Municipales, and thirty Gardiens du Bois.

In the proceedings were representatives of the Opera, the Varieties, the Cigale, the Concert Européen, the Nouveau Cirque, the Galerie Vivienne, the Cluny, and the Eldorado theatres.

The opening ladies' race for tandems had eight entries. The distance to be covered was seven kilomètres—that is, twice round the course. After a good race the event was gained by Mdlle. Burg-Lutz, Mdlle. Lemoine de Grandval being second, and Mdlle. Limoges de Bernardoin coming third. The winning time of last year, 12 min. 26½ sec., was improved on by nine seconds. It was a splendid sight to see the competitors sweeping around the bend of the course, passing the group of drags and coaches from which many members of the *beau-monde* were viewing the race. It is but fair to Mdlle. Lemoine to state that she had slipped the previous evening and had hurt her foot.

A quarter of an hour's rest for the autocyclists to prepare their machines then was taken. The race, which was to be run in three heats of one length and a final heat of two lengths, was competed for by Mdlles. Lemoine de Grandval and Bossu, and, after a very exciting race, Mdlle. Lemoine won very easily, breaking all the world's records. She did 3½ kilomètres in 5 min. 3½ sec.

The ladies' race took place before the final heat of the autotricycle race. There were sixteen competitors. This event was very well contested, the spectators towards the close becoming very excited as the final struggle for first



THE CYCLE MAYPOLE AT BELFAST.

position was seen to lie between Mdlle. Puget, of the Galerie Vivienne Theatre, and Mdlle. Richaume Azéma, of the Opera. After a keen contest the first place fell to Mdlle. Puget, her rival taking the second place only ten centimètres behind, while Mdlle. de Neyva came third. The other competitors either fell out of the race altogether or straggled in slowly. Among the latter was Mdlle. de Zara, who had fallen from her bicycle, fortunately without hurting herself.

A Parade des Machines Fleuris was then held. The favourite combinations were roses and lilies, forget-me-nots, daisies, and wild flowers. Special mention should be given to the machine of Mdlle. Marguerite de Roesler, which was tastefully decorated with orchids, and to whom was accorded the *prix d'honneur*. A *déjeuner* of twelve hundred covers was given at the Châlet de Cycle at the conclusion of the races, and a *fête champêtre* followed in the evening.

Here is a picture of William Shields, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, who wheeled himself down the steps of the west front of the Capitol at Washington on the last day of March. There are seventy-four steps and three landings. Shields waited until the steps were entirely clear, and then, placing his bicycle at the brink of the steep incline, swung into the saddle and began the descent. It lasted only fifteen seconds. Gathering momentum with every foot of the downward passage, the rider seemed to be going as if shot out of a cannon. When he reached the last landing, the velocity of his descent had become such that he literally leaped over the final flight of sixteen steps to the bottom. He left the saddle, but at the bottom wheel and rider fell in a heap; the latter



CYCLING DOWN THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.

escaped, however, without a serious bruise. The "Sterling" wheel which he was riding did not loosen a bolt or weaken at any point under the severe strain to which it was put, and, beyond a twisted handle-bar, received at the bottom, came out of the ordeal without a scratch.

A night or two ago I stepped into the Pavilion while the Bale Troupe were performing their truly wonderful bicycle act. Of several troupes of trick bicyclists that I have seen at one time or another in many parts of the world, the Bale Troupe strikes me as being one of the most marvellous. As an Irishman sitting beside me said, "The feats which they do cannot be done." I can only advise the cycling enthusiast to witness the performance of this troupe, and then to judge for himself.

I thoroughly agree with Mdlle. Madeline Kilpatrick, the trick cyclist who appeared in London not long ago, who has lately told a New York newspaper reporter that, of all the wheelwomen that she has ever seen, the English are the worst. Not one English lady cyclist out of thirty looks well when mounted, and the fault is entirely her own. Fully two-thirds of our English wheelwomen ride with their saddles too low, their handles too high, their skirts badly cut, and as often as not they bestride badly built machines. I speak with authority, for I have seen lady cyclists in every part of the world except Australia, and I can truthfully say that the most graceful riders of all are to be seen in San Francisco, in Chicago, in New York, and in Paris. No woman—or, for that matter, no man—can look graceful when mounted on a low saddle, neither, when so mounted, can she obtain full control over her machine.

At the Aquarium last week I bought the best bicycle bolt that has as yet come under my notice. It consists of a ring of aluminium which locks the pedal crank to the machine on the "numbered puzzle" system. Aluminium is the hardest metal of all to cut asunder, and the "numbered puzzle" the hardest of all puzzles to unravel.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

Never within the memory of man has any town been so hot, so crowded, so altogether unendurable as London at the present moment. Royal weather may be enchanting in a hammock or on C-springs; but the human atom on our hot, hard pavements, or even in the too tight-fitting



GREY CHIFFON OVER SATIN WITH STEEL EMBROIDERIES.

hansom, seems matter in the wrong place now that the epoch-making 22nd is over. Those among our various visitors who, no doubt, are immensely enjoying things, include all the High and Mightinesses located, when at home, within a stone's-throw of the equator. Happily, we have not had to provide amusement for an Esquimaux or Laplander deputation, and the others, if iced drinks are laid on with garden-hose, manage tolerably. But it *has* been hot. Will it interest those with a pure and beautiful belief in the integrity of their champagne to know that a greater quantity of that overrated wine was consumed on Jubilee Day in London alone than the last two vintages yielded *in toto*? How rejoiced the Queen must be to have it all over—and so gloriously over, too! A day that will live in the annals of everyland while language remains to recount its wonders. From a window—the very crux of the whole situation—in Piccadilly I surveyed the wonderful array of costumes, and was

particularly affected to admiration by the Indian Princes, who, clothed chiefly in jewels, made glittering punctuations along the line of route.

Such a gala Ascot surely “never was” as that of last week, although in the rush of events it is now nearly swept into oblivion. I have preserved a reminiscent fragment of its attractions, however, in this too entirely charming gown of ivory and light lettuce-green mousseline-de-soie; the skirt, of green foulard, was printed in a lozenge-shaped pattern, and trimmed at the side and back with six ruches, which were carried down the seams in a very novel and effective manner. The bodice of chiffon in both shades, flanked by insertions of gold and ivory guipure, was exceedingly handsome. The braces, profusely jewelled with emeralds, were edged with narrow ruches of green mousseline-de-soie, and a bit of wonderful colour appeared in the waist-belt, which was of mandarin-coloured velvet, the real tawny shade, above which a shaped arrangement of guipure enclosed the lower part of bodice. Bands of the same gold and ivory lace, alternating with ruches of green and ivory mousseline, formed particularly smart sleeves, and over this delicate dream of colour a black picture-hat rose most becomingly, black feathers and aigrette being fastened in with strass buckles, which were also placed at intervals about the crown. Mrs. Herbert of Llanover wore cerise glacé taffetas under a fine black grenadine, the skirt flounced, and a blouse-bodice, with lapels of the cherry taffetas stitched in fine pleats, edged with a frill to match, and embroidered with steel and silver. Lady Ely wore black, beautifully embroidered with sequins, and a great deal of cloudy chiffon about the bodice. Baroness de Rothschild had a curious frock of black silk Brussels net, with large mesh, a Louis Seize ribbon-design being wonderfully embroidered thereon in green and steel paillettes. Green of every variety and shade was, in fact, greatly in evidence, and perhaps the most *voyant* frock of the Lawn and Enclosure combined was a Nile-green gauze over taffetas of the same shade. The sun-pleated skirt had rich embroideries of ivory lace in front, in a pattern which was broad at the foot and diminished gradually towards the waist. Bouillonnées of green gauze in a paler shade edged it at both sides. The now almost inevitable blouse-bodice was a charmingly fussy arrangement of accordion-pleated mousseline insertion and frills, fastening at the left side, with

rosettes at the waist-belt. The hat which accompanied this frock was at all points worthy of its mission, being one of those elaborately pleated erections in straw turned up at left side which are in such frequent and becoming evidence this Season. A low crown, veiled with white mousseline-de-soie under ivory lace, contrasted well with the pale-green colour of straw. A group of black feathers, and one enormous white osprey, which not alone stood up in front, but had long fronds, if one may so call them, arranged as a complete hat-trimming at sides, stamped this creation with the cachet of the Rue de la Paix, added to which a white moiré parasol covered with ivory Brussels point, the rock-crystal handle of which was set with emeralds, made still more complete one of the smartest dresses of the smartest Ascot on record.

Dust-cloaks, proverbially the most prosaic of all possible wearables, are now, like the silk petticoat, undergoing a notable, not to say remarkable, evolution, and one which has just been prepared for the Sandown Meet is of white glacé silk, with two very wide and deep flounces of ivory lace to form the cape, while the Medici collar, a most elaborate structure of pale-green lace and accordion-pleated white silk, is supported by the bishop-sleeves, very wide and also accordion-pleated, with insertions of lace from shoulder to wrist. A wide bow of pistachio-green ribbon is held on to the back of neck with a paste buckle, long ends reaching to the hem. This glorified dust-cloak might be repeated in grey with ficelle lace, or in pale olive-green with black lace. Apropos of grey, this elaborately embroidered gown represented in illustration is the work of a smart West-End modiste—the artist being Jay, as a matter of fact—and the proverbial good taste which rules in that establishment has never been exercised with better result. The upper skirt, of grey mousseline-de-soie, gathered at waist and embroidered all over with flowers and foliage in a tiny ribbon-embroidery covered with grey sequins, is made over grey and pink shot taffetas. A blouse-corsage, with yoke of delicately embroidered lawn done in several coloured silks, gives very becoming relief, and at the wrists some of the same material is repeated. Lace under-sleeves are a feature of fashionable bodices this year, and appear here in due course. A neck-trimming with touches of pink poult-de-soie and lace adds a last touch of excellence to this daintily devised gown.

It is a pity that the results of a certain ill-considered telegram should still combine to prevent a visit of the Teutonic royalties during the present eventful foregathering. The German Empress is said to spend more money on dress than any other woman in Europe, and was particularly alive to the merits of some famous West-End milliners. Parcels for Potsdam do even yet occasionally leave the G.P.O., but Paris and Vienna modistes chiefly share with Berlin the frequent and efflorescent additions to her German Majesty's long roll-call of ever-changing chiffons. Enormous orders have been already placed in view of the contemplated visit to St. Petersburg in August, and I have had details of a Court-mantle built with white brocade and feathers which is destined to outshine any other garment that has ever or can ever be made for other mortal madam.

In a letter from an acquaintance officially on the spot, one learns that in the intervals of military parades, unveiling family monuments, composing ineffable odes, throwing off musical masterpieces, and crystallising passing events in imperishable oil-colours, the Emperor occasionally relaxes his Imperial mind in supervising not alone his own but his wife's toilettes, with results of the most gorgeous or gruesome according to the intelligence or simplicity of the dressmaker who happens to receive the royal commission. When a misfit occurs, as will sometimes happen in even these exalted spheres, modistes being but



PALE GREEN AND IVORY MOUSSELINE OVER FOULARD SKIRT.



mortal, the Empress, should the dress have been made in foreign parts, is immediately photographed in the offending wearable, and a mark placed at that particular point where art has failed to acquit itself—an excellent plan, indicative of the practical German mind, and one that might be adopted by country cousins with advantage, when some creations arrive by post that our only and trusted dressmaker in town has made too tight or too short, or too something else impossibly vexatious. I can imagine no greater inducement to perfection than the fear of a photographed failure.

Naturally, after Ascot and its three days of hard labour, people were glad to flock down for a balmy afternoon under the trees at Hurlingham, which was accordingly the occasion of more than ordinary tea-drinking

beautiful browns and greens and golden-yellows which have come immemorably from Italy and Austria. The revival of wicker-coloured scent-bottles has also been taken in hand by Mappin and Webb, who are showing the smartest possible version of scent-diffusers, with a spring in the silver top which when pressed acts as a spray. Tortoise-shell, which on account of its increasing rarity is now so much prized, is applied with the best effect to square-shaped carriage-clocks, with dial in ruby or emerald enamel, while a seasonable souvenir is displayed in a photo-frame charmingly arranged in twisted silver wire, with the Coronation and Diamond Jubilee dates as a central ornament. The intention in designing this pretty toy was that photographs of the four generations should be inserted in each medallion, the Queen, Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and his baby son. Numbers have been bought as birthday-gifts, and they certainly make charming excuse for a *cadeau*.

Returning to the ever-verdant subject of millinery, which applies in a double sense to the inevitable green chapeau so modish at the moment, I am constrained to describe a most curious and charming toque which has newly arrived from Paris for a friend. The crown, of vivid green taffetas, veiled in black mousseline-de-soie, which tones down its very crude colour, is attached to a brim formed of rolled drapery in the same materials. On the left side a posy of large pink roses is supported by a high drapery, and an immense osprey hovers higher still, the hat being very much tilted on one side.

I find the crossed bodices very becoming to young girlhood, and consequently growing in the eternal feminine favour. In muslin, with the new embroideries threaded with bébé-ribbon, they obtain a quite picturesque effect, more particularly when worn with a wide-brimmed hat which admits of little velvet strings brought from both sides and "tied under the dimples."

At Lady Jersey's garden-party on Saturday, for instance, one of the prettiest costumes was a white muslin made up with alternate insertions of lace threaded with pale-blue bébé-ribbon, and moiré sash to match, a hat of wide-brimmed Manilla, with the traditional bunch of La France roses, black velvet bows, and the strings as aforesaid, completing the effect.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NARISSA.—It is unfortunate, and your only hope is Scotland Yard, but I fear that in such a congested state of traffic as you describe the chances are small. You might also advertise in the *Morning Post* and *Times* offering a reward. If you are not lucky enough to find your chain, I should certainly not advise you to indulge in such an expensive luxury again. Excellent imitations of the green, dark and light blue enamel are to be got at Faulkner's, of Regent Street, the same people who invented the Faulkner diamonds. I think you can get one of these chains for thirty shillings, and your most observant friend will not know it from that one which I still join with you in hoping may be found.

MELTON MOWBRAY.—(1) Yes, I remember your last inquiry; in the present instance it is not so easy to advise. Perhaps they did not receive your application at the club. It is a three-and-sixpenny dinner, and a very good one as three-and-sixpenny dinners go. I should call and see the secretary when you are up in connection with your first question. (2) Why not use the invaluable and invigorating Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia for your bath? There is nothing like it. I am not surprised that you have got tired of the "stuffy Eastern perfumes"; besides, they cannot have that healthy action on the skin which makes Scrubb's preparation as hygienic as it is undoubtedly pleasant. (3) Can you give me some further details of the article? If so, I will hunt it up.

STELLA (Norwood).—(1) There is a Norwegian sweet made of gooseberries and raspberries, four pounds of the former to half a pound of the latter. Arrowroot and sugar are added to the juice of both when cooked. I will get you the exact formula if you think this is what you require. (2) For about a guinea you can get a very presentable specimen.

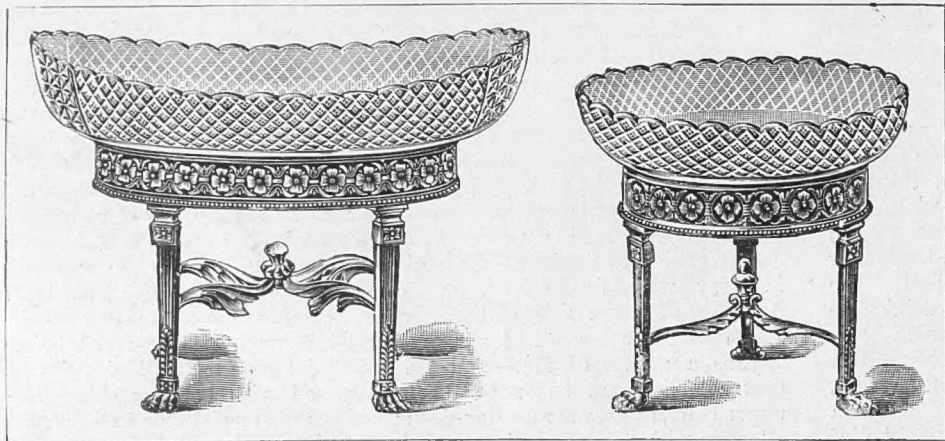
SYBIL.

#### A HANDSOME CIGAR-CASE.

This cigar-case has been made by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company for his Excellency the Marquis de Maha Yotha, the Siamese Minister in London. It is throughout of 22-carat gold, beautifully designed and magnificently chased, and was made in the company's own workshops in London. The subjects are taken from celebrated paintings, representing on one side a group of Cherubs, and on the reverse the figures of Venus and Cupid. The interior of the cigar-case is of a very novel design, provision being made for cigars and cigarettes, held in position by beautifully pierced spring clips, while the addition of sovereign-case, matchbox, and receptacle for watch greatly adds to the convenience and utility of the article.



The International Sleeping Car Company have begun their summer services of Trains de Luxe between London and the various summer resorts on the Continent.



OVAL JARDINIÈRE AND ROUND FRUIT-STAND AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

and smart clothes on Saturday. Plenty of amusement was provided in the various riding and driving competitions, and there were, luckily, no diverting casualties, which, however pleasantly exciting to the spectators, are apt, at best and safest, to be somewhat disconcerting to the unfortunate whip or bicyclist who cuts an uneasy and unseated figure on the turf. Miss Hasketh-Smith, who distinguished herself by taking second prize in the driving competition of the previous week, rode a very smart-looking pony. Miss Kennedy, who was very smartly frocked as usual, is one of the noticeably select few who can tool a pair both well and gracefully. Dozens do one or the other, but the combination is infrequent.

Table-decoration seems to arrive at fresh surprises every house one goes to, and at one portentous banquet this week the peaches at dessert disclosed not stones when opened, but sovereigns, apparently fresh from the Mint, with a diamond set in each and the date of the dinner engraved. Both men and ladies alike were treated to these agreeable shocks, and the commemorative coins were further pierced with a ring so as to act as bangle and watch-chain charms. The table-decorations were in the Empire style, silver stands supporting finely cut glass bowls in various sizes, which were filled with white orchids and asparagus fern. Nothing could have been lovelier than this special design, which is reproduced by Mappin and Webb, giving a much better effect than the ordinary flat silver bowl, because of the slender, graceful columns on which each vase stands. Two sizes are reproduced here, and I think it will be conceded that, for purely artistic effect, few forms are as successful. I am reminded by the mention of Mappin and Webb that a new form of cellaret has been invented by that enterprising firm, which should undoubtedly accompany every man of means to his yacht, shooting-box, or whatever place represents his most particular and pleasant sanctum sanctorum. It is an upright, organ-shaped case in finely carved oak, with bevelled plate-glass shaped front, which is easily moved, and discloses when either open or shut a potential array of decanters, tumblers, liqueur-glasses, and other ministering matters to "a divine thirst," which might occupy a page of summing-up without arriving at all their possibilities. Compartments for the gentle weed in every form, from cigarette to the bonny brier bush, and others where games and packs of cards variously are bestowed, add to the completeness of this really magnificent combination, which is worth a special visit to 162, Oxford Street, on its own unassisted account. There are other novelties worth seeing, however, and two which will claim cultured attention at once are mantel-clocks, each reproduced from one of the best models in Chippendale's book, which remind us how taste was degraded in the early years of this century, when black marble horrors replaced on every British mantelpiece the delicate designs to which we are now, with improved judgment, reverting.

Before wandering from the subject of table-decoration, I should have noticed a new treatment of cut-glass, which somewhat recalls the old cameo glass, now so highly prized by collectors, and of which but few specimens remain. Messrs. Mappin and Webb have produced a still better effect by cutting elaborate patterns on emerald glass; the designs show in natural colour, while the relief gives beautiful effects in green. This, in silver-bound beakers, biscuit-boxes, vases, and all shapes of dainty table-glasses might transform any hospitable modern board into the semblance of a mediæval banquet, where the productions of old Venetian and Florentine artists made decorative effect with the decorative company. White glass is, as a matter of fact, going out of favour gradually as we begin again to recognise what artists call the colour-values of those

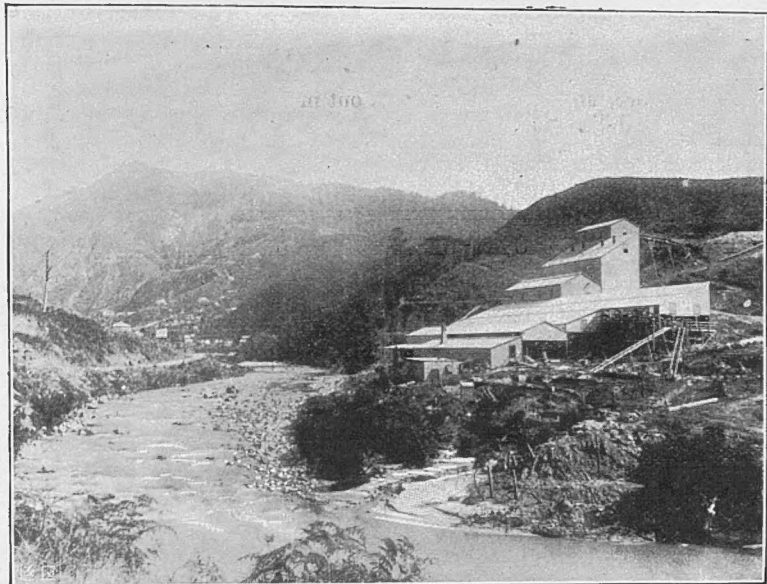


## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on June 25.*

## COMPANY PROMOTION.

Company promotion goes on apace. Last week there was a more than usual variety served up to the public. Amongst others there were two Restaurants, two Theatres, a Steam Fishing Company, a Gold-dredging enterprise on the Fraser River, a Cycle-selling business, an Insurance Company, a Printing Company, a Peerless Metal Company, and a Pure



THE CROWN BATTERY.

Acetylene Gas and Carbide Company. Investors cannot complain of not having a sufficient choice. It will be interesting to trace the future of some of these companies, just to see what measure of success attends their operations, and also to compare the results with the anticipations held out in their prospectuses. We fear that little more will be heard of some of them, as a fair proportion of the undertakings are located in the provinces. It is very desirable that investors should note where the businesses are situated when applying for shares, and also as to whether or not a quotation on the London Stock Exchange will be applied for. In the absence of such a quotation it will be obvious to our readers that difficulties will arise when occasion requires them to operate in the shares.

## BANKING AMALGAMATION.

Lloyds Bank, Limited, not satisfied with its past conquests in the way of absorbing minor institutions, has now entered into a provisional contract with the County of Gloucester Bank, Limited, for the purchase of the latter company's business. The terms of the amalgamation are that one share of the Gloucester Bank, £25 paid up, shall be exchanged for two and three-quarter shares of Lloyds Bank and a bonus of £2 10s. in cash. Lloyds shares are £50 each, with £8 paid, and the market value is £27. A meeting of the County of Gloucester Bank has been convened to confirm the arrangement. This bank was established in 1836, and registered as limited in 1880. Its business has been progressing satisfactorily, for we find that for the thirteen half-years to December 1888 it paid dividends of 10 per cent. per annum; for the five half-years to June 1891, 12 per cent., and for the nine half-years to December 1895, 13 per cent. It has eleven branches in the West of England, and its acquisition by Lloyds will open up a fresh field of enterprise which will doubtless prove advantageous to all concerned.

## NEW ZEALAND MINING.

We are able to give below our correspondent's promised letter dealing with several of the best-known New Zealand mines, whose future prospects are of considerable importance to the investing public on this side of the water. Our correspondent has visited and studied the whole of the New Zealand fields, and from time to time we shall be able to give his views on the prospects of all the various mining centres. That they will prove as reliable as the same gentleman's West Australian forecasts we have no doubt.

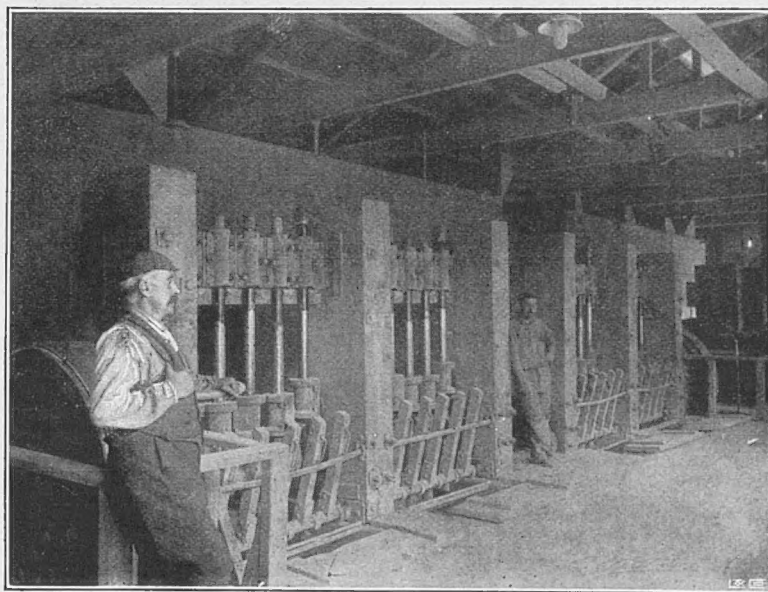
## KARANGAHAKE.

It is a firmly established opinion among New Zealand mining experts that the further south one travels the wider grow the reefs. I am not inclined to argue the point with any expert, much less the "cocksure" New Zealander—we will admit the fact—and leaving the Thames, where so much English money is being sunk in an experiment, we drive along one of those picturesque roads so rare in Australia, so common in New Zealand, and reach Karangahake. This little township should be the rendezvous of the Cook's tourist, for its scenery, its gorges, its woodlands, and its streams are beautiful even to the guide-book standard. No Cook's tourist, however, drives to Karangahake; its gorges never see a suit of knickerbockers, and its tiny inns rest content with the shillings of the miners when they might wallow in the pounds of the millionaire. The place is a mining-camp pure and simple. Its reefs have been worked on and off for years—seldom until to-day with any success. The history of the Crown Mines is one of steady fight against bad luck. Many a time have the owners been upon the point of abandoning them, but always some spark of good fortune has come to

put fresh hope into the hearts of the adventurers. They have been reconstructed, reorganised, and amalgamated. To-day the Crown Mines of New Zealand, Limited, makes a profit, and looks like turning out one of the best mines in the colony. Its splendid battery runs night and day, and as the mine is deepened its chances improve. I spent a long time in the various workings with energetic MacGruer, the mining-captain, who in good days and evil has always believed in the future of the Crown, and I satisfied myself that thereof was not only of immense size, but also of fair average value. The crushings show that each ton of ore is worth about three pounds, a price which yields a decent profit. The whole of the work is done upon contract, stoping included, and the strictest economy is practised. Daw, the general manager, has ideas of his own upon crushing, and has been for a long time past experimenting with wet-crushing by means of a cyanide solution. The mill now runs dry, and the ore is only dried, not roasted. This dry-crushing is tedious and expensive, but New Zealanders swear by it, and the Waihi made it pay. I believe myself that it suits some ores well enough, but I am inclined to think that Daw will solve the problem of saving the fine gold by wet-crushing with cyanide, in which case the Crown should double its output. The rate of extraction would not be much increased—they now save about 89 per cent.—but the tedious drying would be done away with. I do not want to bore you with technicalities. It is enough to remind you that at present the new system is merely an experiment.

The weak point in the future of the Crown Mines is the new scheme of development, which provides for a shaft to be sunk on the level of the river; and this shaft will not be vertical, but will follow the reef in the underlay. Now, no one can possibly say how the reef may go down at depth; it may continue at its present angle, it may fault, or it may suddenly become vertical. Any change will at once increase the expense of hauling and pumping. I do not like underlay shafts, and I think Daw is making a great mistake. The main adit entrance is at the bottom of a deep gorge, through which runs a mountain torrent. Suppose this torrent overflows, the Crown Mines stand an excellent chance of being flooded out. The Woodstock workings, on the other side of the gorge, dump all their mullock into the stream, and gradually the bed will be raised. Sooner or later, the Crown Mines will have to face this trouble. The rich ore in the Crown is all obtained from the lowest levels, so a flood would stop the work entirely. The ore in the Crown carries much less silver than most of the New Zealand mines, and this is a point in its favour. But the company has taken in a lot of quite useless ground which can never be any good, and which only increased the capitalisation.

Of course, the Woodstock is the next best-talked-about mine at Karangahake, and bitter are the discussions as to its future. Its richest ores have in past times yielded wonderful results when sent to the smelter, and to-day it boasts of a series of reefs which in actual value of bullion are richer than any others in New Zealand. But the "nigger on the fence" at the Woodstock is the extraordinary proportion of silver in the reef. The mine is actually a silver-mine, and did New Zealand possess some smelting works at which smelting could be carried on at a profit, the Woodstock would soon make a name for itself. But there are no fluxes in New Zealand, and smelting in that island is almost impossible upon any paying basis. So the Woodstock has been compelled to erect a dry-crushing battery, and rely upon saving all its gold and some of its silver by means of cyanide. I shall watch the future of the new plant with interest. I hope, for the sake of McCombie, one of the best mine-managers in New Zealand, that it will be a success. I wish I were as sure as he is. The ore requires a good deal of roasting, and it is therefore doubtful whether any system of wet-crushing would ever succeed with the ores as it may with those at the Crown. The Woodstock has been splendidly opened up—indeed, I do not think I have ever seen any mine better managed. There is not a word to be said on this point. The battery arrangements are perfect, the system of assaying is most complete, and the Woodstock is up-to-date in every point. McCombie not only knows what to do, but he does it with an energy and enthusiasm which almost amount to genius. When I was at the mine last they had come upon some rich ore, rich not in silver, but in gold, and of course, if the proportion of gold to silver is increased and the increase kept up, then the Woodstock has a long period of prosperity before it. But the average of silver to gold is quite 15 to 1 at the present time. Ore-values are very misleading in New Zealand; stone is said to be worth £10 a ton, but £9 17s. 6d. of this may be in silver, only 40 per cent. of which can be saved even under the most favourable circumstances, and, in most cases, the silver is extremely difficult to treat and the amount of coarse gold so small that mines which look well in a report turn out complete failures in practice. I do not say



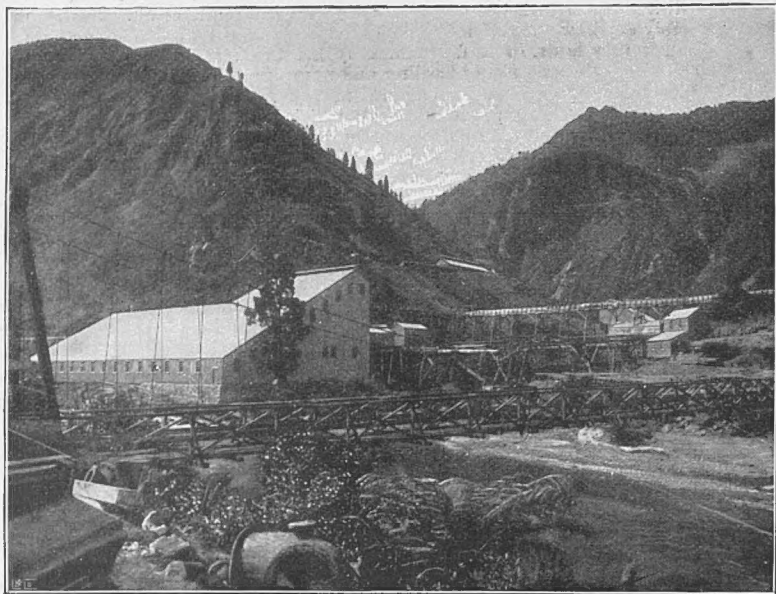
INTERIOR OF CROWN BATTERY.

that the Woodstock is one of these, but shareholders must be prepared for surprises—and disappointments; and, if they do not get big dividends, they must not blame McCombie, who is certainly not responsible for the character of the Woodstock ores.

The Talisman, which owns a block upon the summit of the hill over Karangahake, will soon be showing us whether it also can grapple with that complex ore problem which, more than anything else, has kept New Zealand mines unpopular. The battery is now complete and the water-race finished,



and possibly before these lines are in print we shall have news of the first Talisman crushing. As far as I can ascertain, the ores in the claims now being worked are worth about £5 to £6 a ton, but of this at least 50 per cent. must be set down as silver. The Talisman is being handled by Bewick, Moreing, and Co., and they are confident of the future. If they can win enough ore of £3 a ton value to keep the mill running, then the company can pay a dividend, but the reef is not a big one; at the same time, the shareholders may always hope that, as their reef goes down, it will increase in value, just as the Crown Reef has done. If the Crown, the Woodstock, and the Talisman cannot make mining pay, then I fear there is little hope for the future of New Zealand mines. They all have enough water-power to keep their mills running all the year round. They all work in the cheapest possible manner by means of levels; the Crown is, it is true, doing a little underhand stoping, and is sinking a shaft, but can still work at least two levels for some time to come. Labour is cheap and efficient. A considerable amount of prospecting has been done in the hills around these three mines, and a good many promising claims have been taken up. The Talisman Extended has a good reef, but little or no work has been done upon it. The Woodstock Main Reef, a mine floated in London by the New Zealand Mines Corporation, has a big acreage on the other side of the valley, and can boast of one of the biggest outcrops of quartz I have ever seen. The ground has, without doubt, many reefs running through it, though whether they are the same reefs as those in the Woodstock time alone will show; and the



THE WOODSTOCK MINE AND BATTERY.

chances of the company finding a payable lode are decidedly good, but up to the present no development work has been done, though the land is now fully manned and managed by a very experienced miner. As a whole, I think those who have put money into the Karangahake district will do far better than in any of the other camps, unless, perhaps, we except the Waiteauri district, where the reefs are big and carry less silver than at Karangahake. I dare say you will think I am a pessimist, and that I write despondingly about such acknowledged successes as the Crown, the Woodstock, and the Talisman, but I merely set down what I think. Puffs you can get each week from any mine-manager, who always thinks that his own goose is a swan.

#### WEST AUSTRALIA.

So many correspondents write to us from week to week as to the prospects of various leases at Hannan's, that we trust we shall be excused for a few general remarks on the subject. The whole country at Hannan's is broken up with fissures filled with "formation," or lode matter, which all carries gold, sometimes rich, more often poor, and, peg out where you will, there is no difficulty about finding a "reef," or "reefs"; but the question of whether payable ore is in the ground is a very different matter. Originally, no doubt, the level of the whole country was several hundred feet above what it is at present; rain, sun, and wind have probably been the chief agents in removing the earth's crust, but, as gold is heavy, the rich portions of the various "formations" or "reefs" concentrated themselves into the caps of the reefs which were found by the discoverers of the field, and hence we have a large number of surface discoveries of great richness, with very few (or comparatively few) rich underground deposits. In the little ring round the Boulder, Lake View, and Ivanhoe it appears that lodes of considerable richness have been proved to exist, and at Brownhill—at least, in the southern part of the mine—a similar state of affairs appears to exist, but the developments everywhere else are, so far, undoubtedly most disappointing. It is certain that, as development proceeds on some of the leases, rich discoveries will be made, while on others nothing of a payable nature will be found; but not even an expert on the ground can tell where the "formation," or lode-matter, will be struck carrying gold, and where it will be poor, so that, on those leases—the great majority—where nothing of value has yet been found at depth, the future is very much a pure lottery, and, in asking our opinion on the prospects of this or that mine, correspondents must not expect us to say more than whether or not *as yet* any deposit of payable gold has been discovered. Whether any such deposit will or will not in the end be laid bare is more than the wisest man upon the field can tell. We do not profess to be able to see a yard beyond the end of the miners' picks. The problem at Hannan's is even more difficult than usual by reason of the failure to unearth anything of value in many leases which adjoined others where rich shoots of gold have been proved, and which on paper looked like certainties. Any miner with the record of the field in front

of him would have said, for example, that the leases owned by Hannan's Proprietary *must* have proved of great value, and yet, although a big cross-cut has been run right across the whole country—a most workman-like way of prospecting the ground—nothing of importance has been discovered. In the face of such a "facer," he would indeed be a bold man who is prepared to say what may be the result of prospecting other leases in the same district on which as yet no quantity of payable ore has been discovered. To sell shares in companies at Hannan's at rubbishy-prices appears to us foolish, for any day that which is worth 5s. might jump up to 25s. or more, but to hold is a gamble.

#### AMERICANS.

This market is keeping wonderfully strong, and there now seems more inclination on the part of operators on this side to enter the field. Up till within a week or so ago the buying had been almost entirely carried on from Wall Street, but the feeling is gaining ground that ere long considerably more activity will be infused into this market. Operators here are, therefore, anxious not to be left out in the cold altogether, in view of the probability of an autumn "boom," for there is no doubt but that the market is broadening out considerably in New York.

#### PERUVIANS.

A little more life has been imparted to these securities during the past week. It appears that the members of the Continental group who have been endeavouring to carry out negotiations for a Government loan are now impressed with the necessity of an equitable arrangement being come to with the Corporation. This view has, no doubt, been forced upon them by the adverse attitude taken up by the Market here and in Paris, when it was found that sufficient satisfaction had not been afforded by the Government to the Corporation with regard to the application of the loan. The directors of the Peruvian Corporation are naturally irritated at the attempt which has been made by the Government to raise a fresh loan without showing any disposition to meet its existing obligations with the proceeds. The position has now been set out pretty clearly, so that the probability is that some satisfactory arrangement may be arrived at.

#### NATIVE GUANO COMPANY.

There seems to be life in this old company yet. At the annual meeting held last week the chairman stated that the company had been as prosperous as ever at Kingston—in fact, a great deal more than prosperous. As far as we can gather from the newspaper report, this wonderful prosperity consisted of having made a profit of £545 up till now in the present year, whereas only £623 profit was made for the whole of last year. The chairman would appear to have very modest ideas of what prosperity really means if he construes this result into a brilliant one. The company was registered in 1869, and has not yet distinguished itself in the way of paying dividends, no distribution having yet been made.

#### ISSUE.

Hampton and Sons, Limited.—This well-known furniture business is being turned into a limited liability company for the purpose of issuing £100,000 4 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at par. The whole of the share capital is taken by the present partners, so that all question of the price to be paid is of little consequence. The solid assets appear, according to Messrs. Debenham, Tewson, and Co., to be of the value of £170,000, providing ample security for the present debenture issue. The certificate of profits lumps three years together, which we dislike; but, even if the returns have not been so regular as to make setting them out in detail advisable, there can be no doubt that the debenture interest is overwhelmingly covered.

Friday, June 18, 1897.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Dox.—(1) One of the J. B. Robinson companies, as to which its creator gave us a most flourishing account some time ago. We think it has not turned out as well as the great man expected, but, at present prices, you should hold. (2 and 3) Both Barnato companies. The first has not been improved by the amalgamation with Barney's Bank, or the second by the result of the lawsuit with the London and Globe Finance. On the whole, we should hold these also for the present. (4) We think a "wild cat." (5) Certainly a "wilder cat." (6) A concern which seems to have some promise. Had it not been puffed by outside touts we should look upon it favourably.

E. D.—You can only get an up-to-date list of shareholders from the secretary, but at Somerset House you can get the same thing made up to the last general meeting. By law a list has to be filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies within fourteen days of each annual meeting. The charge at Somerset House is, we think, sixpence for each hundred words. You should go there, search the file by paying a shilling, and then order and pay for a list, which will be got ready for you in about a couple or three days.

COLONIAL.—(1) See this week's "Notes" as to the New Zealand mine. (2) We have no information and think the company must be a purely colonial one, as its name does not appear in any books of reference or Stock Exchange Lists. (3) You have come here at the wrong time to sell this class of property, nor can we refer you to the honest promoter you seem to think is so easy to find.

E. P. W.—Mr. H. J. Lawson is connected with this company, and we therefore do not wonder that the shares are unsaleable. We always advise no dealings in his concerns.

CAMBELL.—The shares are dealt in at Glasgow, and very little known about them here.

SMON.—Both companies are in the same office, managed by the same people. We do not care for either of them, and should certainly not hold the shares if they can be sold.

NOTE.—Correspondents who do not find answers in this week's issue must forgive us, as, in consequence of the Jubilee festivities, we are obliged to go to press very early with this issue. All letters which have come too late shall be answered next week.